

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1872.

The Week.

BOSTON has been the victim of a tremendous fire, originating no one knows how, occurring under elemental conditions not unfavorable, but speedily getting beyond control of the Fire Department, one of the best in the whole country, and resulting in the destruction of sixty acres of such warehouses and stores as no other city on the continent could show. The merchants of Boston have long been men of a breed aspiring to the title of merchant princes, and earning it by their public spirit, munificence, administrative ability, and the honors which have followed these. Governors and ambassadors have been taken from among their ranks; they have founded and endowed colleges, and encouraged learning, and everywhere, to the ends of the earth, have been known for their energy, ability, and integrity. In their warehouses they have of late years been accustomed to take a pride, and many a line of solid and handsome buildings attests the dignity of the "solid men of Boston." Now, from Summer Street north nearly to State Street, and from Washington Street east to the water's edge, with two or three small exceptions, there is nothing but rubbish remaining of the many hundreds of granite and iron structures in which the dry-goods merchants, wool merchants, and leather merchants of Winthrop Square, Summer Street, Pearl Street, Milk Street, Federal Street, Broad Street, Kilby Street, Water Street, Devonshire Street, and Congress Street carried on trade. Not many buildings of a public character were lost, though the warehouses covering the site of the birthplace of Franklin, and the homes of Webster and Everett, perished. Trinity Church, the Mercantile Library, and the Merchants' Exchange went down, but the famous Old South Church was saved, and so was the New Post-Office and the Old State House.

Of the origin of this calamitous fire, which will cost the Boston business community many millions of dollars, nothing, as we say, seems to be positively known, but its continuance and its defiance of the Fire Department are generally attributed to the common use of light Mansard roofs surmounting high buildings, to the tops of which the engines could not throw water. High buildings we shall assuredly be compelled to have in our cities; and we suspect no fire department will ever be very effective against a fire when once it has taken on the enormous proportions of this one. That the Mansard roof, with its projections, its joints, its light structure, is a bad roof in so great a fire, with the tremendous heat, the air full of flame and of flying cinders that effect a lodgment on its surfaces, would seem to be evident; but its sole responsibility is, we suppose, somewhat hastily assumed. There is, by the way, a certain satisfaction in thinking that handsome and substantial as was the portion of the city burned, the more beautiful portions which make the compact little city the most beautiful in America for its general position and proportions, for the individuality of its streets, houses, and squares, the absence of ostentatious pretence and monotonous uniformity—all escaped untouched, and are as they have been. For the very newest of the better parts of Boston not so much is to be said: but there are few American towns that can, for instance, show anything so graceful and pleasing as streets like the slope of Beacon Hill, with its Common before it, Tremont Street, or Louisburg Square, into none of which have some of our New York styles of architecture much more than touched as yet.

It was fortunate in some ways that the news of the fire reached New York on Sunday morning. It undoubtedly prevented a panic on the Stock Exchange, as the brokers and holders of securities had time for deliberation. Had the despatches met them for the first time on their way down to business on Monday morning, there is no knowing what might have happened. By the time they met, the fire had done its worst, and was under control, and the insurance companies had nearly found out the extent of their losses, and Mr. Boutwell—or "Uncle Boutwell," or "Father Boutwell," as the brokers begin to call him—had been communicated with, and expressed his readiness to avert a panic by extensive purchases of Government bonds. So that when the Board opened, stocks were found only to have fallen five or six per cent. instead of nine or ten, or even twenty, as many expected, and even this or the greater part of it they had recovered before the close. Moreover, it was remembered that not only was the fire much less extensive at Boston than at Chicago—for the Chicago fire was, on Sunday morning, in every one's mind—but that it reached few or no dwelling-houses and destroyed no factories or great seats of industry, that the loss fell mainly on persons of great wealth, and that Boston, unlike Chicago, was not the debtor but the creditor of the rest of the country.

Sunday was a leisure day with the reporters, and they had plenty of time to "work up" the story of the fire in thoroughly sensational style. The accounts sent to the press here from Boston were carious as examples of how a man may write a great deal and tell very little. Most of them were really, in the main, the record of the reporter's own feelings. One writer predicted about midnight on Saturday the exact amount of loss in dollars and cents the fire would cause before it ended. The reporter of the *Times*, who sent the fullest report, appears to have passed the night in a state bordering on distraction, but he is evidently a desperate man, and will never suffer himself to be taken alive. "I write this," he telegraphed, "with my hair singed by the flames, my face burning, and two or three burns where the coals have flown down my back." He must have been a horrid object as he sat at his work. The *World* reporter was almost equally wrought up. He telegraphed "that it was an awful Sabbath morning, and that God only knew whether it was to be another Chicago."

Of the seventy-one New York insurance companies which had risks in the burnt district, only eight, as nearly as can be ascertained at this writing, will be put in peril by the fire, and all, or nearly all, will pay something. The Boston companies are all ruined. The Connecticut companies, and all, or nearly all, those of other States, meet the calamity without flinching, and the English companies, which have to meet losses amounting to between \$4,000,000 and \$5,000,000, are all strong, and telegraph their agents to draw the amount. The New York *Tribune* publishes a valuable estimate of the loss sustained in buildings, taken from the assessors' books in Boston—amounting in the whole to \$7,765,000. The value of the goods destroyed is of course yet unknown, and can only be guessed at, but the common one of \$100,000,000 is undoubtedly a gross exaggeration. The truth probably lies between fifty and seventy-five millions.

The magnitude of their victory has astonished most Republicans, and this not altogether because of the din and clamor made by the Liberal Republicans, but because, while it is comparatively easy to know what the action of your own party is going to be, there is one thing which it is extremely difficult to calculate beforehand with anything like precision, and that is, the inaction of the members of the other party. What number of Democrats were going to do nothing there was little means of finding out. As the result shows, an enormous number would do nothing for their candidate,

and a certain number voted for Grant. Take, for instance, a Connecticut town as to which we happen to have some definite information: its vote ranges usually at rather less than 1,700, and it has given Republican majorities ranging from about 300 to about 20. This year, of the men on the Democratic town committee's list of voters registered as Democrats, there were 257 who voted no Presidential ticket or voted for Grant. Facts like these should be borne in mind by people who think all the world has suddenly become Republican, and that there were no Republicans recalcitrant and discontented. Honest Democratic disgust, however, some of it stupid Bourbonism, more of it distrust of Greeley and contempt for the bargain and sale at Baltimore, was what gave Mr. Greeley so overwhelming a defeat; and we trust the majority in Congress, or the better leaders there, will not find their hands weakened by the brutal confidence in numbers which only too probably may be felt by their worse associates. It was this disgust with Greeley that brought Maryland's majority for him down to less than 2,000; Kentucky's down to 10,000; Tennessee's down to 8,000, or thereabouts! These three States, with Georgia, Missouri, Texas probably, and Louisiana perhaps, though perhaps not, will give Greeley and Brown 76 votes at the most, and 68 more likely. Week before last, as we observe by a remark in the *Times*, the types and carelessness in reading proof made us print "Michigan" for "Missouri" in the list of States doubtful. Of Michigan we have of course had no doubt. From the beginning, our own opinion has been that Greeley running alone would have got not a single electoral vote, and that running with Grant he would get not more, or but very few more, than Seymour and Blair.

The Republicans make great gains in Congressmen, as well as in such enormous popular majorities as 130,000 in Pennsylvania and 50,000 in New York. The present Congress consists of 243 members; the Congress which assembles on the fourth of March will contain 292, and of these it is now probable that the Republicans will have all but, if not quite, a two-thirds majority in the House, and in the Senate a majority as large as at present. Mr. Trumbull will fail of a re-election from Illinois, and this is a fact over which, standing by itself, we think no one need be glad. Though we should have been sorry to see a Liberal Republican victory of such magnitude as the carrying of Illinois by the coalition, yet we do not forget that Mr. Trumbull is an experienced and able public man who has done the state some service, and some service also to the Republican party. We regret his recent political course, because it will have deprived the Senate of his leadership—a leadership far more creditable and more useful to the country than that of the men who have recently cracked the whip over older and better men than themselves. Blair of Missouri will, it is thought, be succeeded by a Democrat, but this is not certain, nor is it certain, on the other hand, that he will be his own successor. This being so, and with the loss of a Republican senator in North Carolina, we may say that the next Senate will stand about as the Senate of this Forty-second Congress, and the Administration will be strong enough for anything—perhaps even for San Domingo, should it be thought advisable to take up that business again. It will certainly be strong enough to bear watching, "generosity" to the contrary notwithstanding, there never yet having been a political party composed of angels, and our antagonist being our helper in Washington as much as anywhere else.

Mr. Greeley has done what was perhaps the wisest thing he could do under the circumstances—gone back quietly to the editorship of the *Tribune*. In the card in which he announces his determination, he promises to make that paper "a thoroughly independent journal, treating all parties and political movements with judicial fairness and candor," and "to endeavor to give wider and steadier regard to the progress of science, industry, and the useful arts than a partisan journal can do," and that "he will not be provoked to indulge in those bitter personalities which are the recognized bane of journalism." If he carries out this programme, he

will do much, even at this late period in his career, to rescue the New York press from its present low estate, and will lay the community under weighty obligations. But he will not be surprised or offended to hear that most people will for a good while look at his efforts with great incredulity, that many cannot bring themselves to expect of him, of all men, "judicial fairness and candor," and that his proposal to abstain from "bitter personalities" excites hilarity among the young and thoughtless. He can, however, live down these doubts, and will have the hearty sympathy of all decent people in his new enterprise. He speaks of his Presidential canvass as "another line of business" in which "he embarked six months ago." As during these six months he was, according to his own account and that of his friends, engaged in a gigantic effort to save the country from despotism and nepotism, to reform the civil service and the currency, and to restore fraternal union between North and South, and to banish carpet-baggers, it seems a little flippant to talk of this noble work as "another line of business." But Mr. Greeley will have his joke.

A correspondent complains justifiably of our having said in our last issue that the Presidential election "had gone as every decent man must have wished it to go." He says he knows a great many "decent men" who wished Greeley to be elected. So do we; our phrase was extravagant, at best, and we can only plead in excuse for it the near contemplation of some of Greeley's followers in this city for six weary months.

Elections have taken place in seven Departments of France to fill seven vacancies in the Assembly, and in all but Brittany the Radical Republicans have carried the day. In one sense the result is more, and in another less important than it seems. The whole Department votes at the election of each representative, so that the election of a single member furnishes an indication of the drift of public opinion. Looking at the matter in this way, the Conservatives have lost ground heavily. On the other hand, there has been an extraordinary amount of abstention—and it is admitted on all hands that the abstention has been mainly among the peasantry—that is, among the Conservatives. The explanation of this which is offered and generally accepted is that the peasants never vote when they can help it, and this year receiving no stimulation from the prefect, and being satisfied that, on the whole, "order" is in no danger from the Republic, did not poll over half a vote, and allowed their own favorites to be defeated. But even this is a great gain for the Republicans. To have disarmed the fears of the peasantry is half the battle. In Brittany, where the peasants came out in great force, and where the vote was very full, the Conservative candidate carried everything before him. In short, "the situation" may be described as meaning that the peasantry, who desire peace and quiet of all things, are sufficiently satisfied with the Republic to let it have a fair trial, but not sufficiently to give themselves any trouble about keeping it going. In the meantime, the Germans are rapidly evacuating the occupied Departments—having now left Marne and Haute-Marne. The near approach of their total withdrawal is reviving the discussion of the constitution that is to be, and all sorts of projects are laid before the public; but the probable opinion seems to be that the work of drafting a constitution will be committed to a committee of forty-five members of the Assembly. Until the constitution is adopted, there is no chance of the dissolution of the present Assembly.

The expulsion of Prince Napoleon from French soil by order of M. Thiers has caused the latest French excitement, and is viewed in a great variety of ways. The Orleanists, and all that school of politicians who take England and America for their model, deplore it as one of those pieces of disregard of the law which prevent really free institutions from taking root in France. The Radicals, as might have been expected, think it a perfectly legitimate proceeding. They never disapprove of goring, provided the victim is the right

ox. The best defence of the act has come from M. John Lemoine in the *Journal des Débats*. He says that the Bonapartes raised themselves above the law by providing a special tribunal for the trial of offences committed by "Princes of the Blood," and that, therefore, they have no moral right to claim the benefit of the ordinary jurisprudence of the country, and that it is, with the occurrences of 1851 before our eyes, useless to say that a man's "wearing the name of a Bonaparte" ought not to be treated as a crime, inasmuch as the name was used on the occasion of the *coup d'état* as an instrument for overthrowing the Government, and doubtless would be so used again; and that an English Minister would, if Parliament were not sitting, take equally energetic measures to rid the kingdom of a pretender as formidable as Prince Napoleon. All this is doubtless true, and would be very effective if arbitrary acts were exceptional in France, and if every government did not regularly set itself above the law whenever it pleased. Gambetta even went so far as to attempt to make whole classes of persons of whom he did not approve, ineligible for election to the Assembly of 1871.

M. Thiers has concluded his Commercial Treaty with England, and it is now said that his sole object in putting on the "surtax" on foreign shipping trading to French ports was to extract England's assent to the Treaty. The "surtax" has proved a total failure. In the first place, it only affected English, American, and Greek ships, as they do most of the French carrying trade—the French mercantile navy being very small, and the other powers having none to spare. In the next, it suddenly deprived the French merchants of a large portion of their means of transportation; in the third, it is sending the trade of the Mediterranean at one blow to Genoa instead of Marseilles, and is rapidly making Milan instead of Lyons the great silk entrepot, and is sending the trade of the northern French ports to Antwerp; and lastly, it has called out a counter-tax from our Government, which is causing the total loss of the export business to this country by the French Havre line of steamers. The goods hitherto brought over by these ships are now sent to Bremen and Hamburg. Petitions are accordingly pouring in for its abrogation, and it will doubtless speedily disappear or be suspended. Its practical results have been so absurd that it now begins to be said M. Thiers must have foreseen them, and only used it as a device to induce England to "come down."

Another of M. Thiers's financial failures has been the tax on matches. In 1871, a tax of four centimes on the hundred wooden matches, and five centimes the fifty on wax matches, it was calculated, would produce \$3,000,000 annually. Illicit manufacture was thereupon started at such a rate that the duty only yielded at the rate of \$900,000 a year, while the price of matches rose enormously. The Government then resolved to make the production of matches a monopoly, and sell it to the highest bidder, and two Marseilles houses already engaged in the manufacture have bought the privilege for \$3,800,000 a year; but the price of matches is fixed at about forty cents the 4,000 matches. The monopolists also pay the Government a duty of nine centimes the 1,000 on all matches exported. This arrangement is an economical curiosity in its way, as it is a return to the old system of farming out the revenue, which was supposed to be for ever banished from the economy of civilized modern states.

The Spanish bondholders, at a meeting in London, have accepted the offer of the Spanish Minister of which we spoke last week—namely, to take one-third of the interest due them for five years to come in certificates bearing three per cent. interest—but which they accept at 50, when the market value is only about 30. In this way the Government is in reality borrowing in round numbers \$16,400,000 a year for five years at 50 from its own creditors, when it could not get more than 30 from anybody else—or, in other words, is compelling them to lend to it at six per cent., when anybody else would charge it nine. The London *Economist* denounces the arrangement as "disgraceful," and says it is "bankruptcy made

easy" for any government that chooses to adopt it, because it will enable it to cover virtual repudiation with all the appearance of an honorable settlement. The only excuse the creditors can give, and the only one we believe they attempt to give, for their concession is, that they are through it escaping a worse thing. But it must be admitted that the device is very ingenious, and will prove a valuable addition to the art of "financiering."

Prussia and the United States are now the two, and the only two, lucky nations which have no difficulty in making ends meet. The Prussian budget, or financial statement, was laid before the Lower House just before the late adjournment, and from this it appears that in the year 1871, although the war lasted through the first quarter of it, there was a surplus of about \$10,000,000. In the current year, a surplus of \$12,000,000—counting the thaler as equal to our paper dollar—is looked for, nearly all the taxes having yielded more than was looked for. Two-thirds of the increase comes from profits realized by the Government in the administration of the railways and of the mines, funds, and estates owned by the crown; in other words, through the honesty and skill of the Prussian civil service. We wish our own "Controllers of Primaries" would think seriously of this. The "Toms," Dicks, and Harrys of the Custom-house ought to ponder it. Moreover, in all this no account is taken of the French indemnity. That is solid profit which is put into public improvements or laid up for "a rainy day."

The decision of the Emperor of Germany on the San Juan boundary dispute has not been at all well received in England, and has called forth a good deal of bitter denunciation. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, which may be regarded as the calmest and most sensible of the critics, condemns the decision on the ground that, as it was absolutely impossible to make out from the language of the Treaty which channel was meant, the arbitrator was bound to gather the materials for his finding from the surrounding circumstances. He must, therefore, have seen that to give the United States the Island of San Juan is to furnish them with a base of operations which would render Vancouver's Island untenable in time of war, and would shut up the most available approach to British Columbia. He ought, therefore, have held, the *Gazette* thinks, that Great Britain did not intend the Haro Channel to be the boundary, and that as the matter was of comparatively small importance at the time to the United States, they did not intend it either; and it draws from the decision some very gloomy conclusions as to the consequences of referring of matters of this kind, deeply affecting national honor and interests, to foreign adjudication. To this the *Economist*, which represents the cooler and more moderate view, replies that the Emperor could not have had a better guide in seeking the intention of the parties to the Treaty than the history of the preceding negotiations. That in referring to this, he must have found that the line originally fixed on, 49° N. L., ran through Vancouver's Island, and that the British asked the Americans to remove it further south, for the purpose of yielding to them (the British) the exclusive possession of the island, and that it was for the accomplishment of this object, and no other, that it was made to run along "the channel" which has caused the dispute. The Emperor finding, therefore, that the Haro Channel gave England all that she originally sought, is not bound to go further and provide her with a good military frontier, which she herself evidently had not thought of at the beginning of the controversy, or protect her against the consequences of her own ignorance or laches, as to the bearing of the American occupation of San Juan on the defensibility of Vancouver's Island, particularly as the joint navigation of the channel is expressly stipulated for in the Treaty. This, we think, must strike every candid man as sound sense. The business of an arbitrator sitting on the interpretation is not to patch up a bad bargain, but to put disputants as nearly as possible in the position they themselves would probably have got into if they had not fallen out.

THE SOUTH AND THE ELECTION.

AS the Greeley managers, throwing all other business aside, declared "reconciliation between North and South" to be the main if not the only point in their policy, and as the South was thus led to expect something from the election of Greeley which would not result from the election of Grant, there is now some danger that many Southerners may be plunged into despondency by the result of the vote of last week. We think we may safely take upon ourselves to assure them that the election of General Grant does not mean any indifference on the part of the North to their condition and prospects, or any diminution of the disgust and alarm with which the Northern public has heretofore regarded the fate which has overtaken them. The North is by no means opposed to reconciliation, but it will not have reconciliation through Greeley. What the South asked in the late canvass was that the North should elect Greeley President as a sign of reconciliation, and as the only one of any use. This the North has certainly declined to do. It does not cherish any hatred to the South, but absolutely refuses to hand the affairs of the nation over to Greeley and his Democratic following as a sign of its good-will; but as far as the South is concerned, this is all that the election means. There is, therefore, no occasion either for despair or despondency. Six months have been wasted in the interchange of coarse abuse over Greeley, which is doubtless a misfortune; but otherwise things remain as they were. Republican institutions are in no more danger, carpet-baggers in no more favor, than they were before the canvass began.

What we think about carpet-baggers, and what we think about the Ku-klux act and other attempts to find a remedy for carpet-baggers, are well-known to our readers. We hold, and we have always held, that conquest entails on the conqueror, among other responsibilities, the responsibility of providing peace and security for the conquered. Unfortunately, the United States did not attempt to provide these things for the South. They set up a government which in many of the States was simply a cover for robbery; and, when Congress attempted to provide a remedy for the resultant disorders, it only went halfway. We should never have said a word against the Ku-klux Act if, in addition to hunting down midnight assassins and robbers, it had sent officers to Charleston to oust Scott and Parker and take charge of the State finances, and see to it that every taxpayer got the worth of his money in legislation and police. It would doubtless have been unconstitutional, but it would have been that kind of unconstitutionality which great crises justify, and which never lessens the respect of a community for liberty and law. What Congress did was, in practice, to furnish the carpet-baggers with all they needed—protection against the pistols and cowhides of the men they were plundering. This, we hold, was, taken by itself, both wrong and impolitic; but Greeley would not have remedied it. All that he promised with regard to the carpet-baggers was pure moonshine. Nobody believed it. He could if elected have done nothing to the carpet-baggers except denounce them; and if Parker and his kind care for denunciation, we are greatly mistaken in them. It is no doubt true that in the beginning people at the North did encourage the carpet-baggers. It was only two years ago that Parker was cited as a witness against the *Nation* by the *Independent* of this city, regarding the intelligence of the South Carolina Legislature. Many of these fellows left the North in the odor of political sanctity, and by shouting for the Union and for human brotherhood, kept up a certain kind of maudlin admiration in their rear, and succeeded in persuading a certain portion of the Northern public that they were missionaries carrying light into dark places. But Greeley was one of their most prominent supporters. Nobody did more to halloo them on, or encourage the use of United States troops to protect them against the consequences of their crimes. Therefore, it was ridiculous as well as useless for the South to ask the North to select him, as the exponent of Northern indignation against the carpet-bag régime.

But the Northern mind is completely rid of any delusions it may have ever labored under with regard to carpet-bag government. There is no desire to perpetuate or countenance any of the Southern abuses. There is no hatred of the South, or desire for her further impoverishment or humiliation that we know of or meet with. The state of the Northern mind on the Southern question, if we know anything of it, may be described as a hearty willingness to "clasp hands" and let bygones be bygones, provided the South will frankly accept the results of the war—that is, accept them just as they are accepted in the Cincinnati platform; but "accepting them frankly" means to the Northern mind accepting them in deed as well as in word—that is, not only putting the acceptance into platforms, but putting candidates and parties on the platform whom we know to be really favorable to these results, and not candidates and parties who never did accept them until they saw a chance of electing a President on whose weakness and want of perspicacity they thought they could count with confidence; and not only writing newspaper articles inviting Northern settlers, but making Northern settlers comfortable and secure after they have settled. On these things the North insists as the only true signs that the war is really over, and nothing can take the place of them.

We wish most sincerely the South could now be convinced that her future is in her own hands, and yet such is the truth—melancholy it may be, but still the truth. Congress has done all that it *can* do; the North has done all that it *will* do. Every Southern State is now handed over, as all States are, to the rule of the majority of its own people. If it be true, as many think, that where the negro voters are in a majority, or where they hold the balance of power, there is no hope of improvement from the education of public opinion, the South must look to immigration for her resurrection. Those white men who groan so dreadfully under negro and carpet-bag rule must get other white men to come down and settle on their wastes, and give them a majority. If they can neither do this nor win the negroes over, they must suffer on. They may rely upon it, there is something wrong in their own policy, as long as hundreds of thousands of new-comers from Europe seek homes two thousand miles away on the semi-barbarous Western frontier, when they could have them almost for the asking all along the Atlantic seaboard, within a day's journey of French and German and British steamers. It is not for nothing men thus plunge into the heart of the continent. If the South can find no means of attracting them beyond the publication of flaming advertisements, if when they get strangers down there they cannot make them so happy and hopeful that they shall ask their friends to follow, we do not know what remedy there is for Southern ills. All restrictive and coercive legislation is done away with, and if the white race is so far paralyzed or degraded that it can find no honest way of ridding itself of the domination which it makes a boast of despising, it must make up its mind to suffer without help if not without pity. We do not, however, believe that this is the case. In more than one State, the modern spirit—the spirit which takes facts as they stand and makes the best of them, and meets difficulties, not with oaths and execrations, but with labor and craft—is rapidly showing itself, and it will doubtless spread and do its work.

THE REISSUE OF GREENBACKS.

A SHORT time since there appeared in various Republican newspapers a series of "money articles" which would have puzzled a good deal an old-fashioned American statesman. On their face they purported to discuss a rumor which they announced to the public was afloat, to the effect that the Secretary of the Treasury intended to reissue some four or five millions greenbacks which had been retired from circulation by Mr. McCulloch. They mentioned the advantages of the plan, and its disadvantages—on the one hand, the effect which it would have in easing the money market, in facilitating the transportation of the crops to deep water; on the other, the objections to it which would arise from the danger of increasing the supply of the protested notes of the Govern-

ment, the danger to its own credit, and the doubt as to the legality of expansion attained by the reissue of notes once withdrawn from circulation, under the provisions of an act framed with the express intention of contracting the currency. The peculiarity of the articles to which we refer was that the rumor as to Mr. Boutwell's intention apparently originated in the minds of the money editors themselves, as there had been no public announcement of the intention of the Government. The articles, too, were curiously tentative, balancing with great nicety the various considerations *pro* and *con*, but preserving a judicial impartiality between them. These articles were immediately followed by the issue of the currency. Of course it would be very gross to hint that any of them, or any of the editorials written about the same time in Administration journals, were inspired by the Treasury: we do not refer to them for this purpose. We allude to them simply on this account—that so far as the public knows, the only advice which Mr. Boutwell has taken as to the legality of the issue—a matter so grave as to involve a total change of policy on the part of the Government with regard to the currency, the substitution of the policy of expansion for that of contraction—he must have got from these money articles and editorials to which we refer. Congress is not in session to explain or give an authoritative construction to the statutes under which the contraction took place, and, as we shall undertake in this article to show, Congress is the only body which can give an authoritative construction. Whether he has or has not got an opinion from the Attorney-General in favor of the construction of statutes which he has adopted, is a matter of little or no moment. In order to explain what we mean, it is necessary to review at some length the history of the legal-tender acts.

In the first place, the Act of February 25, 1862, authorized the issue of \$150,000,000 of Treasury notes, and provided that they should be "received the same as coin, at their par value, in payment for any loans that may be hereafter sold or negotiated by the Secretary of the Treasury, and may be reissued from time to time as the exigencies of the public interests shall require" (Sec. 1). The supplementary Act of July 11, 1862, authorizing an additional issue of \$150,000,000, gave the Secretary power to "exchange for such notes, on such terms as he shall think most beneficial to the public interest, any bonds of the United States bearing six per centum interest, and redeemable after five and payable in twenty years, which have been or may be lawfully issued under the provisions of any existing act"; and to "reissue the notes so received in exchange"; the act also provides that he "may receive and cancel any notes heretofore lawfully issued under any act of Congress, and in lieu thereof issue an equal amount of notes, such as are authorized by this act" (Sec. 1). The Act of June 30, 1864, restricting the amount of paper currency to \$400,000,000, provides (Sec. 2) that "the Secretary of the Treasury may redeem and cause to be cancelled and destroyed any Treasury notes or United States notes heretofore issued under authority of previous acts of Congress, and substitute, in lieu thereof, an equal amount of Treasury notes, such as are authorized by this act, or of other United States notes."

It is on these provisions that a flimsy argument has been built to show that the Treasury has under them a general power to reissue any uncanceled notes which may come into its vaults. It needs but little consideration to show how fallacious must be the reasoning which leads to such a conclusion. Congress in passing these acts had one object in view, to raise money. In order to do this it authorized the issue of four hundred millions of promises to pay, which it floated by making them generally receivable in payment of private and public debts. Manifestly, as these notes would be constantly coming back to the Treasury not only in payment for "loans sold or negotiated," but in the ordinary course of business, it was necessary that they should be reissued, or they would totally lose their value as currency, and a contraction would take place every time any notes came into the Treasury to the exact amount of the notes; if there had been no power of reissue, the currency would long ago have disappeared from circulation. Whenever \$50,000,000

came into the Treasury there it would remain, and the currency would have been diminished by that amount. This would have totally defeated the purpose of the framers of the legal-tender acts, who meant to create a paper currency, and at that day never dreamt of contraction. All these provisions as to reissue may therefore be totally disregarded, as having been framed without any other idea than that of making the legal-tender system feasible.

The real question arises under the Acts of April 12, 1866, and February 4, 1868. In the first year, as our readers no doubt remember, the currency being already at the limit prescribed by law, and the difference between the price of gold and paper causing a good deal of doubt and distrust in the minds of the business public, Congress determined upon a total change of policy—that of a return to specie payments by a gradual contraction of the currency. It is necessary to bear in mind that this moment marks a dividing line of interpretation. All acts or resolutions of Congress on the other side of this line should be interpreted in the light of their early intention, which was to maintain an expanding, or at the best a fixed currency. Acts had been passed increasing and fixing, but never diminishing its amount. This side of the line their intention changes, and interpretation must change with it. The law of April 12, 1866, authorized the Secretary to sell bonds, the proceeds to be devoted "to retiring Treasury notes or other obligations under any act of Congress." Under this law forty-four millions of currency were retired by Mr. McCulloch. Now, what did this act mean? It is argued on behalf of the Government that it only meant that the greenbacks should be withdrawn from circulation, and that no permanent contraction was intended. The act contained no provision for the cancellation of the currency retired, and therefore Congress meant to reserve to the Secretary the right of reissue. But what is the natural meaning of the words used? To "retire" obligations surely means a great deal more than to lock them up in a vault. Besides this, there was a very obvious reason for not ordering the cancellation of these obligations. No one denies that it is in the power of Congress to expand the currency, and it may well enough have been the intention of Congress to leave it open to expand by a reissue of its own. But a reissue of its own is one thing, and a reissue by Mr. Boutwell is another. We are not left, however, to conjecture as to these matters. On February 4, 1868, public opinion having undergone another revolution, and now taking alarm at the contraction carried on by Mr. McCulloch, Congress passed another law, this time suspending "the authority of the Secretary of the Treasury to make any reduction of the currency by retiring or cancelling United States notes." In this act we have an interpretation of the former one. Congress here says that by "retiring" they meant to effect a "reduction of the currency," so that we have a perfect right to read the former act in this way: "The Secretary shall sell bonds and apply the proceeds to a reduction of the currency by purchasing and retiring notes in circulation." This seems to us almost a conclusive proof, taken in connection, too, with the fact that not a word is said in the last act about reissue, although everybody knows that the cry for expansion at the time, and many times since, has been so great that Congress would have been only too glad of an excuse to reissue the forty millions retired by Mr. McCulloch, if they, in common with everybody else, had not felt that the first act was intended as a permanent measure of contraction. Under these circumstances, Mr. Boutwell's notion that he can reissue these notes is very much as if an agent having received authority to issue notes for his principal, and subsequently received authority to go into the market and buy up the notes, were to claim the right to reissue them on the ground that he had received no instructions as to what was to be done with the notes when they were bought up. Of course, in the matter before us, Mr. McCulloch and Mr. Boutwell are one person.

These considerations seem to us to show at least that there is very grave doubt as to the existence of any such power as Mr. Boutwell claims. Of course if he has any he has all, and he may to-morrow, if he thinks it advisable, issue forty millions of notes which

have been out of circulation for five years. Under these circumstances, what is his proper course? Obviously to wait until Congress comes together, and ask it to instruct him as to whether he has or has not such a power. With such doubts hanging over him, to seek to excuse himself by getting an opinion from the Attorney-General would be ridiculous. It is not a case demanding immediate action, which must be decided one way or the other; there is no need of action at all. All Mr. Boutwell has to do is to wait for the reassembling of Congress. Even with his professed ignorance and contempt of political economy, he must be aware of the dangers which the country suffers from any doubts as to the condition of the currency, the loss of credit abroad, the alteration in value of all contracts at home. For a man who knows these things to take advantage of an extremely doubtful and probably non-existent power, in the absence too of Congress, from whom he pretends to derive the power, and begin to flood the country with currency every one supposed it had got rid of, is an act of the most monstrous recklessness and abuse of authority. That any single man should have the power with a few strokes of his pen to alter the value of every debt in the country, and to raise or lower the prices, would be tantamount to bestowing upon him the right to send his official subordinates into every house in the United States, and remove from such households as he might designate certain articles of furniture, wearing apparel, food, and soon, and bestow them on the neighbors. This is the practical result of any great change in the volume of the currency. Few people will be inclined to believe that Congress ever gave Mr. Boutwell any such power; and in the present state of doubt on the subject, for him to shelter himself behind a technical legal construction would be to give proof of the most ignorant and audacious contempt of public opinion and decency. It is Congress, and Congress only, which can instruct Mr. Boutwell as to his powers in the matter. His present action has a look all the uglier, because it appears to be prompted by the desire to forestall the opinion of that body, and to force it to adopt his own construction of the law, by putting before it the disagreeable alternative of either ratifying his action or stigmatizing one of the great party chieftains as a law-breaker. How much weight such low considerations have with Congress the results of many recent investigations—such as of the French Arms Sale and the Postmaster-General's case—amply show.

GREELEY AMONG THE ARTISTS.

WHEN the London-Bridge New Zealander of the future turns his attention to our history here in America, he may probably conclude that the one man who had most to do with bringing about the result of the elections now just over was General Grant. And probably he may be right; although there need be little doubt that no one man yet rules the American people—the *Atlanta Constitution* and the *Hartford Times* to the contrary notwithstanding; and that General Grant has been successful because of the things he stood for, and not by reason of things personal to himself. Still, if one were to attempt the impossible, and try to apportion to individual persons their precise share in the work in which all of us have been engaged for the last seven or eight months, it may well enough be that a fair award would assign to the President-elect the greatest influence in causing the defeat of what General Brinkerhoff and Mr. Theodore Tilton would call The Liberal Cause. But next after the name of General Grant, if not bracketed alongside of it, would appear the name of Horace Greeley. It might appear as Horace Greeley, vituperator of Democrats; or as Horace Greeley, maker of the Pittsburg speech; or as Horace Greeley, editor of the *Tribune*; or as Horace Greeley, woodchopper; or as Horace Greeley, the friend of Seceding States; or as Horace Greeley, the signer of the bail bonds; or as any or all of these; or it might appear as Horace Greeley simply, as that comprehensive term is known to this generation of American voters; but that appear it would, we are fully persuaded. The history of the campaign, as it was recorded in the speeches from the platform and the stump, in the editorial articles of ten thousand papers, in the talk between individual men, leaves no doubt of this. One-quarter of the breath expended in the contest has perhaps been spent in extolling and deerying the services and disservices of General Grant in war and in peace; but if so, at least another good quarter has been spent in execration and mockery of the dissimulating wickedness and transparent folly of Honest Old Horace

Greeley, and in praise and laudation of the amiability, generosity, integrity, popularity, and far-sighted wisdom of the same gentleman.

As recorded in the pictures of the political artists, this prominence of Mr. Greeley in bringing ruin upon his own party is made even plainer than in the speeches and the newspaper articles. And we do not know that the artists of Mr. Greeley's own side, and especially the principal one, were not as efficacious against him as Mr. Nast, who is entitled to such credit as belongs to one of the most effective allies of the President. This happened, however, if happen it did, rather in consequence of the treatment given to Mr. Greeley's antagonist by the Greeley caricaturists than in consequence of their way of representing himself. For some reason or other, probably because of his slight acquaintance with American affairs, and perhaps by reason of that "condescension in foreigners" noted by Mr. Lowell, Mr. Matt Morgan, or the editor of *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Paper*, saw fit to represent General Grant as a low blackguard, constantly drunk, a thief, and an incapable idiot—a conception of the American chief-magistrate rather more likely to please a foreigner than to be approved by the average American voter. It is not too much to say, then, that Mr. Morgan's caricatures went a long way in defeating Greeley, and especially in defeating Greeley and sober Gratz Brown. In one picture, Grant, stupidly drunk, with a dirty pipe in his mouth, stops his horse-cart loaded with cordwood, and deposits his "first Presidential ballot for James Buchanan." In another, Grant, drunk again, stands in front of a blackboard on which is written a list of his monstrous thefts, and Tweed in front of one which displays thefts of a very much smaller size; nevertheless, a policeman approaches Tweed to handcuff him, while Grant surveys a kneeling crew of his followers. Conkling offers him a crown, Tom Murphy a house and a glass of liquor, others money. In a third, General Grant, dirty and ragged, and still drunk, is dancing while Tweed looks on, and Grant, with a whoop, tells him that he is going to set up O'Connor as a "dummy," and that if the trick succeeds, "I'll remember yer, old fellow; yer almost as good as one of the family." In a fourth picture by the same artist, Grant, drunk always, heads a motley horde of office-holders advancing against the people, and armed with money-bags; Grant cries out that he has formerly trusted to numbers to carry him through, and numbers of greenbacks must do it this time; but opposing him is a dignified array of Liberal Republican politicians, across the front rank of which a gigantic Greeley, of a benevolent but firm aspect, stretches a baton, before which the enemy shrinks appalled. Another picture shows us a shell from Baltimore, smoking on the floor of the Long Branch cottage, into which it has just dropped, and at which the President, with a face of drunken astonishment, is gazing in terror.

These pictures, even supposing them venacious in their suggestions of fact, would, for the reason indicated, have been mistakes. In the first place, the people are so unwilling to dethrone a popular idol that they are sure to give an incredulous hearing to such stories. Then, again, they know, as everybody knows, how easy it is to set such stories afloat; everybody has experienced the difficulty of proving them, and many persons look on the fault charged as venial; finally, once before had the accusation been brought, and it had broken down. For these and other reasons, all these caricatures were political blunders. It is not the same thing to pronounce on the effect of campaign instrumentalities before an election that it is to pronounce upon them after the polls have spoken for or against them with majorities of hundreds of thousands. One is in danger of speaking too confidently. However, one may safely set down in moderate terms an opinion always held; and it is our opinion that these caricatures have always been very weak in this other respect—namely, in portraying Grant as a ruler with despotic inclinations and habits. Many people may have believed that undue means were used to induce North Carolinians to vote for Governor Caldwell, and if so, it was good caricature to depict a crafty-looking Internal Revenue officer arresting a tobacco planter for a petty violation of the law, and offering him a choice between confiscation of his tobacco and a vote for the Republicans. But the good sense of putting Grant in a royal seat, with a crown on his head and a host of bayonets behind him, is not apparent.

Very inefficacious, too, were Mr. Matt Morgan's pictures of Mr. Greeley himself, Mr. Schurz, Mr. Trumbull, and Mr. Sumner. It may be, however, that upon people unfamiliar with the faces of these persons and not very familiar with their characters, the pictures were of more effect than was the case among people who knew them more thoroughly. There may be persons to whom Mr. Morgan's benevolent, hydrocephalous Mr. Greeley,

"That old sage, so mild and bland,"

is a real being; and who are not struck by the utter "ridiculousness" of these portraits of Mr. Sumner. To Mr. Morgan the Senator from Massachusetts is a lofty statesman, a shade too good for this world of mere men, and whose

wishes are rightly held sacred. He has one cartoon, in which Mr. Sumner, in flowing robe and with a majestic dignity upon his brow, stands upon an eminence from which he surveys a Red Sea full of Grantite Egyptians, Pharaoh Grant being on the point of getting the full force of "a tidal wave." Beside this Moses is a meek and philanthropic Joshua in the person of Mr. Greeley, also robed in white, who wears the look of those among the children of men in whose mouths butter will not melt. In front are some colored children of Israel, to whom Moses utters these words: "I have brought you out of the land of Egypt, and out of the House of Bondage, through the Red Sea of Slavery, to the Promised Land of Equal Rights to All, by the aid of this good man Horace, and I now commit you to his guardianship."

Mr. Morgan's mottoes, by the way, have been curiously bad. Latterly, in particular, they had a Sunday-schoolish, goody tone singularly inappropriate to a political contest. We give one instance out of many. Take the motto of a cartoon representing an honest American mechanic (looking like a pious English blacksmith), who holds by the collar a villainous United States deputy marshal. Thus does the honest mechanic address the myrmidon of power, who wants to find out whether there has been any false registration: "Although my house is so poor that it does not shelter my wife and children from the rain and snow; though every cold breeze may blow through the side and through its rafters; nevertheless the President of the United States cannot enter it save by mandate of the law," and therewith, by hand and knee, he ejects the astonished deputy (from a thousand-dollar staircase, by the way), who looks as if he had never heard such a torrent of good language in his life, as indeed he probably never had, especially in that portion of the city. Usually he was called a "mutton-hearted thief," and told where he could go.

It would no doubt have been asking too much to have asked an English artist to come over to this country and suddenly become competent to treat of our institutions and politics, and it is not to Mr. Morgan's discredit that he has made a failure. An American artist in England might make a worse, and in fact would be almost sure to make a worse, unless he had far better guidance than Mr. Morgan appears to have had. It was, however, not expecting too much to expect from Mr. Morgan an occasional exhibition of the imaginative effectiveness displayed in some of his work for the *Toma-hawk*. There has been some of this, but only a little. Indications of it are to be seen in the picture of the historic dead of the Republic rising from their graves to view with horror the corruptions of these later days; but in the details of the cartoon neither artist nor handicraftsmen made a success. In general, Mr. Morgan's work has been spirited and good in drawing, though he has either caught likenesses but poorly, or else has wilfully Liberal-Republicanized them with the Sermon on the Mount in view as the platform of that noble party, and Mount Ebal as the standing-place of the Republican party of hate and cursing. His grouping, however, has been confused, and he has not cared on how many different scales of size he has drawn the figures of the same cartoon.

Mr. Nast's pictures have excellently answered their purpose. They have given evidence of great fertility; of the true caricaturist's boldness and irreverence; of a keen relish for ridicule and of a capacity for making fun, and a less capacity for enjoying pure fun; of much acuteness in the perception of character, as exhibited in external signs, and a great readiness in catching and vulgarizing a likeness; of a sufficient degree of coarseness; of a hearty sympathy with "the masses," in their tastes, opinions, and wishes. The popular idea of that side of Mr. Greeley's character at which people in general have always smiled, and that side of it on account of which they have always distrusted his leadership and disregarded it, Mr. Nast has held up to the country in pictures recognized by everybody. We have heard of one voter, a fisherman of Patchogue, Long Island—not a very literate gentleman, but on the contrary one of the kind that was to go with such a tremendous rush for Honest Horace and Governor Brown—who has been heard laughing to himself at intervals throughout a whole evening, saying, "Go West, young man, go West"; and reminding his companions of the amazed look worn by Mr. Nast's Greeley when the temporary occupant of his editorial chair makes it known to him that he has lost his editorship as well as the election. The white coat, and the readiness to change it; the furious bawling and violent language; the addiction to headlong assertions and contradictions; the fickleness; the readiness for all sorts of political bed-fellows; the temerity and lack of tenacity, Mr. Nast's pictures have all expressed very thoroughly, whether or not very subtly, and whether or not another analysis than his would discover the real secret of this curious character. At all events, they have been well adapted to their audience, and must indubitably have had great effect; though here again we see Mr. Greeley at work defeating himself, the artist's most recondite researches having taken him not much deeper than to the recent files of the *Tribune* and to Mr. Greeley's speeches. But these the artist has used with an ingenuity and vigor not super-subtle, in-

deed, nor over-scrupulous, but extremely telling. For instance, Mr. Greeley in that stumping tour "which has filled even his enemies with admiration"—and which alone would have been enough to kill him dead as a candidate, he acquitted himself so marvellously—spoke at Pittsburg about the convention of soldiers and sailors after a fashion which everybody recollects. Immediately Mr. Nast came out with a full-page picture that made votes for the Republicans wherever there were surviving soldiers that needed conversion from Liberal Republicanism, and wherever there were Northern youths who were boys in the days of Lincoln and have since studied school histories. In the upper corner of the page is a printed extract from the speech, setting forth that the convention was called together "with the single purpose of rekindling the bitterness and hatred, the animosities and antipathies," etc., etc. Down the centre of the picture marches a procession, headed by General Burnside and consisting of the surviving soldiers, some sound and some on crutches, who bear transparencies with the regular inscriptions and pictures—a woman strewing flowers on graves, while Confederate and Union soldiers shake hands; a lion and an eagle lying down together; such assertions as that "We will vote as we fought, for Union," and the like. As they march, they pass a platform from which they are furiously assailed by a stout gentleman in a white coat and hat, who gesticulates violently. Out of his pocket protrudes a placard with the inscription, "Perhaps it was a mistake that I was born: H. G.," in allusion to the unfortunate speech in which Mr. Greeley said that perhaps his opposition to slavery was a mistake; at the end of his tail, for our old gentleman is simian, is the famous tag marked "Gratz Brown" which has made the second of the Liberal Republican candidates so ludicrous throughout the canvass; on the side of the platform is the inscription, "If you vote for Grant you are bought"; in the shadow of it two villainous-looking jail-birds, disguised in white hats and coats, are looking to their pistols; from the pocket of one issues an inscription, "What I know about Reform," and from that of the other, "Baltimore, 1861 and 1872"; in the foreground, and with the platform just behind, is a warrior also in white coat and with his trowsers tucked into his boots, who blazes away at the procession through a bell-mouthed blunderbuss, labelled "New York Tribune" and "This is not an Organ."

A lyre the "organ that is not an organ" has lately become; but it has also been a hand-organ, a trombone, and a fiddle played upon by an enormously long bow. We have not time, however, to do more than barely indicate the ingenuity which has marked this series of political pictures, undeniably coarse, but not so much so as former works by this artist, who constantly, if slowly, improves both in mental force and adaptability, and who perhaps would earn higher praise had he subjects less coarse with which to deal. Reviewing his dealings with the Ring, as well as with the Assistant Democrats, it is remarkable how seldom he has offended against good taste.

THE BOSTON FIRE.

Boston, November 11, 1872.

ARRIVING here at sunrise this morning, with the last sensational reports of the New York papers—the blowing up of Parker's, the destruction of the Old South Church, and both the old and new Post-Offices, as well as the newspaper offices, and the threatened destruction of State Street—I was prepared for the worst. As we came into the city the early dawn revealed a huge, dark cloud hanging over it, into which the smoke from the burnt quarter seemed to rise as a water-spout rises from the surface of the sea, or perhaps still more exactly, as the cloud of vapor, in the old Arabian Nights' tale, rises out of the fisherman's jar. We ran into the depot as usual, and the crowd of passengers, taking the customary direction, moved along towards the centre of the city. We had not gone far when we became aware of a condition of things for which I, for one, was not prepared. The entrance to a narrow street near where the fire began first showed the scene of the disaster. Imagine a narrow way through which you had passed a thousand times ending suddenly in a huge, vague, bluish waste, through which could be indistinctly seen, here a tall chimney, here the edge of a wall, there an iron shaft tumbled in the midst of a huge pile of brick, mortar, and other debris—a thick flaming smoke belching up from behind and out of the bottom of everything; at the mouth, standing guard, a mounted patrol. The effect would have been strikingly picturesque and military, if it had not been that the patrol had given it a rather burlesque air by drawing his sword to warn off the theinoffensive crowd, who, being generally unarmed, would hardly under any circumstances have made an attempt to force the guard. The patrolling squad is stationed in a circuit round the burnt district, and no one is allowed to enter the lines without a pass. This guard was established when the fire was got under control, and has proved an excellent means of maintaining order and preventing robbery.

In order to understand the history of the fire, it is necessary to have a map, because the burnt streets are so crooked, short, and peculiar, that no verbal description will render the matter intelligible. The streets wholly destroyed comprise a district of about sixty acres, bounded roughly by Bedford, Summer, Washington, Water, Congress, the south side of State, Broad, Milk, and Oliver Streets, and the water. The buildings in these streets were mainly solid granite structures, four, five, and six stories in height, occupied by jobbing and commission firms engaged in the wholesale dry-goods, boot and shoe, and wool business. The stores on Devonshire and Franklin Streets were perhaps the most substantial in the country. They were built, however, in great part with light, wooden, slated Mansard roofs, and these roofs it was, according to the universal testimony here, which caused the rapid spread of the conflagration. The fire began in a warehouse on the corner of Kingston and Summer Streets, no one knows how, and speedily made its way to the roof, the elevator passage furnishing a convenient draught. The engines quickly made their appearance, but they were too late, for the flames were out of their reach. No stream of water could reach the top of the buildings, and the fire had full swing. Creeping along the roofs, it very soon took in several large buildings, finding its way gradually down as it went on. There were also a great many flat roofs covered with tar and pebbles. The interior of the buildings, too, was very combustible, the light brick walls, and innumerable wooden partitions, drawers, and shelves, furnishing the best possible fuel to the flames—to say nothing of the stores of cotton and woollen goods. Every one whom I have consulted is agreed that but for the Mansard roofs the fire would have been got under control, and there is plenty of positive evidence pointing in the same direction. Hovey's large, old-fashioned store in Summer Street, for example, built of heavy granite, was made use of to arrest the progress of the flames. The roof was covered with wet blankets—the same protection which was devised, if I remember right, for Mr. Ogden's house in Chicago—and the store in this way did effective service for Summer Street. So also the new Post-Office, built of huge granite columns and blocks, effectually stopped the fire in another quarter. And this morning, from the roof of a building in Devonshire Street, I could see a large iron building, with a flat top, which had been burned round on three sides, but was itself uninjured. There was abundance of water, there was no want of discipline in the fire department, and there is no suspicion, so far as I have heard, of incendiarism. Indeed, as aid poured into Boston from all the surrounding cities, it would have been strange if the spread of the fire had been attributable to lack of force for the suppression of it. Nor had "politics" anything to do with it. The horse disease, no doubt, increased the difficulties with which the firemen had to contend, engines having to be brought by hand from great distances, and inflammable goods being left necessarily in the way of the flames, owing to lack of transportation. With horses the fire might possibly have been got under before it obtained headway, but after once getting into the roofs all the horses in the world would have had little effect.

The fire was stopped partly by natural causes, and partly by gunpowder. The general direction of the wind was northwest (though there were also local currents, caused by the intense heat, blowing from other points of the compass, which accounts for the stories about the fire moving "against the wind"), and the fire was carried by it directly away from Washington Street and down to the wharves at the water's edge. There it blew itself out; in the same way it was brought to an end by an open space known as the Fort Hill improvement, recently laid out by the city; there were buildings on the further side of this, but the flames could not cross it. On what may be called the northeast and southwest sides of the fire, many buildings were blown up. In one direction the new Post-Office, the most solid granite structure in the city, occupying in length an entire block, dammed the fire, and saved that part of Devonshire Street which lies between Milk and State Streets. The granite is flaked and chipped, and many edges are completely spoilt, so that the expenses of repairs will be very great, but the amount saved is also very great. It may safely be assumed that with a few more tolerably fire-proof buildings in this part of the city, the fire would have been got under control early. No attempt was made to stop the flames to the leeward, and the general opinion seems to be that if the wind had been blowing strong the other way, there would have been little chance of saving the city.

As to the condition of the burnt district, it may be described as a gigantic smouldering hole. Except on the edges, I do not think there is a single building left, and those that have been burnt are ruinously and hopelessly burnt. The warehouses seem to have tumbled down *en masse*. The general effect is more like the ruin produced by a hurricane, than what we ordinarily expect to see after a fire. As the fire began not long after sunset on Satur-

day, and was over by the middle of the next day, there was not much time to remove goods or empty safes. The safes tumbled down with the fall of the walls into the cellars, as all good fire-proof safes are warranted to do. I saw the contents of that of the Revere Bank, which were in perfectly good condition, and the same may probably be said of most of the others. The only one mentioned as destroyed was said to have been injured by being pierced as it fell by an iron shaft.

It will be seen from what I have already said that the Boston fire is not at all a "second Chicago," except that it was caused in great measure by the same carelessness in building. The early estimates of losses were perfectly wild, but there are several considerations which show that though the calamity is a severe one, it is not only not irreparable, but will by the community at large be felt but slightly. In the first place, only a small number of families turned out of house or home—the burnt district contained few tenements; in the second place, the stores of goods were not very large; in the third place, the buildings were occupied by men who sold not on their own account but for factories all over the State. These factories are of course better able to bear the loss than the individuals who compose them would be, and the total effect of the destruction is lessened by its distribution. The insurance companies, too, promise to come out better than was at first anticipated. It is safe to say that the prosperity of the city will not be seriously affected by the fire. In one way the destruction will be a positive advantage; the streets in the burnt districts were the only avenues for the transportation of heavy merchandise between the north and south ends; they were crooked and inconvenient to an inconceivable degree. They will now be laid out wider and straighter, and the effect of this on real estate will of course be important. The actual loss in buildings and goods may be roughly put down at \$25,000,000; but this estimate is of little or no value until the condition of the insurance companies is known.

Throughout the city perfect order has been maintained since Sunday. During the entire day I saw no drunken men in the streets, and the discipline of the troops on guard is better discipline than one would expect to find in an ordinary volunteer camp. The self-control on the part of the inhabitants during the height of the excitement appears to have been very great. At one time a large crowd collected in front of the safe-deposit vaults on State Street, where millions of securities were stored, and demanded that the vaults should be opened, that they might get their deposits out. State Street was then threatened with destruction. With the most praiseworthy firmness, their demand was refused. Of course, in the confusion there would have been the best possible opportunity for robbery.

There seems to have been some carelessness, however, and certainly great want of organization, about the blowing up, and this, as usual, is attributed to the character of the politicians in control of the city. By the general statutes of the State, it is provided that "the engineers, or any three of them present at a place in immediate danger from fire, or, in their absence, two or more of the civil officers present, or, in their absence, two or more of the chief military officers of the place present, shall have power to direct the pulling down or demolishing of any such house or building as they shall judge necessary to be pulled down or demolished in order to prevent the further spreading of the fire"; while, according to the common law, any one can blow up a building if the act is necessary. Under the statute the city would be responsible to the owner; under the common law, the owner would have to bear the loss. It has never been decided in Massachusetts that the statute supersedes the common law, but such seems the better opinion. If it does, there is likely to be a good deal of trouble; for the two chief exploders were not, I am informed, the engineers or other officers mentioned in the statute, but the Mayor of the city and the Postmaster. A friend of mine, who is a member of the city government, informed me that he asked the Mayor during the height of the fire what preparations had been made towards organizing this part of the work, and the Mayor told him that no organization was possible, but that he had given general permission to thirty persons to blow up buildings at their discretion. The Postmaster may have been one of these. The Mayor is a shrewd New England lawyer of the "smart" sort, without much administrative ability; the Postmaster, an active politician. On the whole, the blowing up seems to have been managed badly; but as the fire was stopped by it, it is hardly likely that the officials engaged in the work will be allowed to suffer.

I may observe in conclusion that nowhere have I witnessed that peculiar kind of scene which "baffles," or beggars, or staggers description. There may have been such scenes, but if there were, they must have taken place in secluded spots, in the presence of a select "reportorial" audience. All the people I have seen in Boston have seemed remarkably cool and collected; the streets here are very full of people, but they look very much as they do on ordinary occasions, very quiet and business-like. Already those who have been burnt out have

put up signs indicating their new or temporary place of business; people are wandering about the "burnt district" attracted by curiosity or interest, conversing in the usual curt, informal manner of native American citizens. The normal conversation is something of this sort: "Awful, ain't it?"—"Yes." "How did you come out?"—"All gone to smash."—"So have I." Every one takes it very quietly, and there is a general feeling among those Bostonians whom I have seen, that though it may look very badly just now, "it will all come out right in the end."

HUGO—PROUDHON—GAUTIER.

PARIS, Oct. 25.

THE war has spread consternation in the French literary world, and our republic of letters is not as prosperous as M. Thiers' Republic. Roman, after having published his "Intellectual and Moral Reform," so full of gloomy prophecies, has gone to Italy. He is now in Rome, correcting the proof-sheets of his new work, "The Antichrist"; he looks with more sadness than pleasure on the agony of the Papacy, and he has not concealed it from his Italian friends that he would like to see young Italy merciful and generous in her dealings with Pio Nono. Michelet is alarmingly ill, and will probably never write any more. Madame Sand, at the end of the most laborious literary career, finds herself so poor that she is obliged to exhaust the rest of her energy in novels which denote her fatigue. Victor Hugo's genius is still as powerful as ever, but his mind is, so to speak, intoxicated and maddened. His last book, "L'Année terrible," is Communist in all its tendencies. It fully deserves the wild praise of Mr. Swinburne, but there remains nothing in it of the poet of the "Voix Intérieures" and of the "Orientales." I have read it with more horror than admiration, and wondered how so great a genius could roll down into an abyss of coarseness, of immorality, of perversity. Taine is preparing a work on the Principles of '89, which will be a severe critique of the French Revolution and of the revolutionary school.

Sainte-Beuve is gone, and his editors have only lately republished his curious book on Proudhon, with additions which have attracted some notice. These additions are some letters of Proudhon addressed to Prince Napoleon in 1853. It is certainly singular that the famous socialist should have taken for his confidant at that time the prince who is now the most active representative of the Imperial system. But like many socialists, Proudhon always professed to be indifferent to mere political questions. He favored a general progress towards socialism and revolution, and if Caesarism could be his instrument he would have accepted Caesarism without too much reluctance. These letters to Prince Napoleon are full of alarming prophecies on the state of French society; Proudhon is constantly pursued (and remember that the letters are dated 1853) by the dream of a royalist restoration. The supporters of the Empire are all traitors in disguise: out of a hundred salaried functionaries of the state, there are ninety-five who laugh at the Emperor and who with all their hearts demand Henri V. I have received this confidence from one of the most "attached followers of his majesty." Here Sainte-Beuve wrote with a pencil on the letter the name of M. de Persigny. "I am," writes Proudhon at the time of the Crimean war, "like an *illuminé*, under the light of one of those intuitions which sometimes come on me, and which make me speak like an oracle. Well! what was at first only an intuition has become a certainty." His intuition which had become a certainty was the abdication of Henri V. in favor of the Comte de Paris. What a confidence to make to Prince Napoleon! and who can say that this prophecy will not prove true, though the Comte de Chambord only a few days ago issued a new manifesto, in which he still assumes, with as much emphasis as ever, the rôle of a king by divine right of the son of Saint Louis. There are many curious anecdotes in this book of Sainte-Beuve's. Proudhon not only wrote sometimes to the prince, he occasionally visited him. "What society do you dream of?" said the prince once to the socialist. "A society, sir, where I should be guillotined as a Conservative." Proudhon had married, in the latter part of his life, a woman of very low extraction, an *ouvrière*. He writes these lines to his friend Bergmann, the philologist of Strasbourg: "I have just married at the age of forty a young and poor *ouvrière*, not for love—you know me too well to believe that I can indulge a passion—but simply out of sympathy for her position, of esteem for her person, because, would you believe it? in the absence of love, I had the fantasy of a home and of paternity." He had three girls, and after their birth he wrote: "I regret not to have been in 1848 already a father of a family for at least five or six years." The time of 1848 was the period when Proudhon indulged in the wildest socialist plans. In fact, Sainte-Beuve shows well how, by the natural process of thought and under the teaching of events, Proudhon had finally become prudent, almost conservative. If he prophesied, he perhaps secretly desired, the return of Henri V. and his abdication in favor of the Comte de Paris.

Two days ago, one of the minor stars of our literary world died out. Théophile Gautier, who is not much known out of France, played, however, not an unimportant part in that literary revolution which is called by the name of *romanticism*. Victor Hugo, Lamartine, Chateaubriand, Alfred de Musset, were the great leaders of the movement against the classics; but Gautier was for a time the noblest and the most unruly warrior of the romantic army. The time is now very remote when the first representations of Victor Hugo's dramas, "Hernani" and "Ray Blas," were events which almost convulsed Paris. Gautier was then very young; he had long curly black hair falling on his shoulders, he wore a beard like a bard's; he was to be seen in the parterre of the Théâtre Français, surrounded by an enthusiastic band ready to do battle with the classics. The rivalry between the followers of Hugo and the exclusive admirers of Racine and Corneille was so strong that they often came to blows; many times the wooden benches of the pit (there were no chairs then in it) were broken by the disputants. The classics had their allies on the stage. Mlle. Mars, who had so much finesse and grace, and was accustomed to the old répertoire, would not bring herself to recite that verse of "Hernani":

"Vous êtes, mon lion, superbe et courageux."

She would say:

"Vous êtes, monseigneur, superbe et courageux."

Gautier and his friends on this occasion threatened to storm the stage, and obliged her to say "mon lion," trembling with fear and rage.

Such scenes now seem to belong to past ages; we have become terribly eclectic. There are no more classics, no more romantics. One day the Théâtre Français plays the *Cid* or *Andromaque* before an admiring audience; the next day the same audience will applaud a modern drama of Augier, of Pailleron, of Ponsard. The same actors are accustomed to wear the poplin and the latest fashion in cravats; the public of the first representations, which are the most decisive, is completely changed; the pit, the ancient parterre, is no longer the tyrannical king of the theatre. It is now filled, in its reduced proportions, with hired applauders, who form what is called the *claque*. Public opinion is formed by the young *élégans* of the clubs (for a *première* is always fashionable); by ladies of the *demi-monde*, who have only that sort of culture which can be acquired at the Bois, at the races, in the great restaurants, and in a world of elegant pleasure; and by journalists, who are generally the friends of the actresses and of the managers. This mixed public has no real passions, it wishes only to be amused. It has a sort of unconscious and instinctive taste, but no principles of any sort. Its formulas are very simple: "It is a success; it is not a success." It is also changing and faneiful. Just now, for instance, there is a real reaction in favor of the classics; after Offenbach and the buffooneries of the operettas, the rusticity and the heroism of Corneille seem refreshing. To-morrow the mode goes somewhere else.

Théophile Gautier was like a fossil representative of past ages; he remained to the last romantic; only his ardor was calmed and his enthusiasm was cooled. He was, in his books, the representative of the school of "art for art." He cared not for ideas, he was a true pagan. There was a sort of epicurean calm in his person. He wore to the end his long, flowing hair and beard, and looked like a smiling "Jupiter Olympius." He was exclusively an admirer of beauty, a colorist in style; he chiselled his verses with much perfection, and he was very careful to avoid any moral sentiment. He was not really immoral, though "Mlle. de Maupin" is certainly one of the most obscene works of our present literature; he ignored morality. The two types of humanity which he constantly loves to depict are the Spanish *torero* and the ballet-girl. His book on Spain, "Tra los Montes," has a real beauty of coloring and a great freshness of description. Gautier has a genuine admiration of the elegant *torero*, who, dressed in silk and gold, under the burning sun and the eyes of thousands of people, asserts the triumph of human courage over brute force. This spectacle does not inspire him with horror; he can sympathize with those Roman ladies who ask the gladiator to die with grace. The *torero* means to him beauty, pride, calm, intelligence, all that makes humanity glorious. The same spirit throws him into a sort of ecstatic admiration before the ballet-girl. She means the poetry of movement, the music of forms, of attitudes. How often I have seen him at the opera with his eyes half shut, looking as it were through his imagination on the gay drama of a ballet. He wrote himself the libretto of "Giselle," the most poetical ballet played for many years, and various others. He was as fond of the sight of dancing in his late years, when he had become a respectable father of a family, as in the days of his youth. He wrote little for his reputation, as he was very lazy and not fond of producing much; but he was obliged to make his living as a critic of art and the drama. For years he wrote theatrical reviews for various papers. He was of such an easy and indulgent

disposition, that he has never been known to say a harsh word of any piece or of any actor. In fact, he cared very little for comedies or vaudevilles. His annual reviews of the exhibitions of art were written with more care; when he had to describe a picture he recommenced it, as it were, and described it as it ought to have been. But he was too systematic; he cared for nothing but color, and never looked at a picture which did not glare at a distance.

Gautier was a sceptic in politics; he went through life as a dreamer, caring more for the rhythm of a verse and the form of a vase than for the social or political questions of his time. He was treated with much favor by the government of Louis Philippe, but wrote an official *cantata* in the *Moniteur* on the birth of the Prince Imperial; and these paid verses were not without grace and even sentiment. His was essentially an affable and amiable nature; he had lost his god, the god of his youth; he could not sympathize with the author of the "Misérables" and of the "Châtiments"; he remained like the priest of an ancient religion, who feels that he can make no converts, and only expects tolerance for himself.

Correspondence.

"ANOTHER LIE NAILED TO THE COUNTER."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A correspondent of the *Boston Transcript*, commenting upon the New York papers, says: "The other papers which supported Grant or Greeley in New York are numerous. Among the former we may mention the *Nation*, which was disposed to carp, but drew itself 'out of that crowd' in season to save its reputation. If reports are correct, the *Nation* has long been dependent for support upon funds furnished by the Union League Club of this city. As the Club was for Grant, it can readily be seen where the shoe pinched."

If it is true that the *Nation* supported Grant because it was dependent upon a Grant club for funds, I shall be disgusted to hear anything more about independent journalism in America. I think justice to your readers requires you to offer some explanation.—Yours, respectfully,

A. M. GOODWIN.

WALTHAM, NOV. 11, 1872.

[We advise Mr. Goodwin to take a more cheerful view of "independent journalism," and to find some more profitable occupation than ascertaining the truth of all the "stories" sent by lying New York Bohemians to the papers of other cities. Since he asks the question, we do not mind saying that the *Nation* is supported wholly by money received from its subscribers and advertisers, and that we have as yet received nothing from the Union League Club. If any money has been raised for us in that body, we advise the donors to look after the collector, who is apparently a scamp. Should anything be recovered from him, of which there is little likelihood, we promise to hand it over to the Children's Aid Society as soon as received.—ED. NATION.]

IMPORTANT AND TRUE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Another weapon to fight the d—l with has been invented, and household peace, quiet, and contentment have been assured by a captain in the British Army. No longer can it be said that the Lord sends meat and the devil sends cooks, for not one bit of difference need it now make who the cook is, or what the stove or the range may be. Only find a place where water can be made to boil, and a good dinner you may surely have, if you have the material, even though Bridget has never before been taught how to boil a potato.

This promise I found not many months ago in one of the London papers, and since then I have eagerly watched for a chance to buy a "Warren Cooker," and I think it not the least of the benefits conferred on me by the *Nation* that from an advertisement of the New York Lead Works in your paper I obtained what I sought.

This apparatus, which was invented by Captain Warren, consists of a tin vessel divided into several compartments. First, an outer vessel or boiler about fourteen inches deep, in which a moderate quantity of water is placed, inside of this outer vessel is placed an inner vessel or oven, around the sides of which the water rises so as to reach about half its height, and into this inner vessel or oven the meat is put; upon the top of this oven

another vessel of two compartments for vegetables or pudding is then placed, by which the oven is closed, *steam-tight*; the upper compartments are covered with a cover, and the apparatus may then be placed on any stove, range, or fire whereby the water may be made to boil. It will be observed that the meat is not exposed to the contact of the steam, but is enclosed and surrounded by boiling water or hot steam, while the vegetables or puddings are steamed in the two upper compartments, into which the steam is allowed to enter; the process taking longer than the ordinary process of cooking, but it needs no attention if sufficient water is used. The meat is neither dried up nor soddened, but all its juices are retained and it cannot be burned. To give it a good appearance, it needs to be taken from the cooker ten minutes before it is served, basted, and placed in a quick oven to brown.

An ample Sunday dinner may be placed in this apparatus, set upon the stove, and there left while the whole family, including the cook, go to church, with the certainty that it (the dinner, not the family) will be nearly ready to serve after the service.

For stewing, making soups, and for all cooking which requires to be done slowly and with moderate heat, nothing could be better; for brown bread it serves most admirably; and if a separate cooker of the right shape is kept for fish, those who eat the fish will think they never tasted fish before.

As a duty to dyspeptic humanity, I have sent this note to you.

Yours economically,

PATERFAMILIAS.

Boston, November 8.

[It is perhaps right to say, this being a suspicious world, that "Paterfamilias" is a contributor of ours, who has nothing whatever to do with the manufacturer of the "Cooke."—ED. NATION].

Notes.

MACMILLAN & CO. have in preparation "The Runaway," by the author of "Mrs. Jerningham's Journal"; "P's and Q's, or the Question of Putting Upon," by Miss Charlotte M. Yonge; and the following child's stories: "Tales at Tea-time," by E. H. Knatchbull-Hugessen; "Ribbon Stories," by Lady Barker; "In the Golden Shell," by Mrs. Linda Mazini.

—General George Gordon Meade's death took place at Philadelphia, yesterday week, he being in the fifty-seventh year of his age. His illness was jaundice, complicated with water on the heart and pneumonia, and his death followed after less than a week of sickness. General Meade was born at Cadiz, in Spain, where his family was temporarily resident. He graduated at West Point in 1829, and received an appointment in the artillery branch of the service, and seven years afterwards resigned. In 1842 he re-entered the service, on which occasion he was promoted to a second lieutenancy in the Topographical Engineers. These appointments are sufficient proof of his studious habits, and indicate also the character of his mind, which was cool, cautious, methodical, preferring always to work on a well-studied plan, of which all the details were prearranged. Thus, he was never a general whose operations were marked by dash, or one who took pleasure in seeking the plaudits of his soldiers, who, however, soon learned to trust him as a safe man, provident of their interests and careful of their comforts. He obtained a brevet first-lieutenancy in the Mexican war, for gallantry at Monterey and Palo Alto, and in 1856 he was made a captain. In 1862 he was made a major in the regular army, having previously in 1861 been commissioned as a brigadier-general of volunteers, and in 1862 as a division commander under General Reynolds. Afterwards, in December, 1862, he succeeded General Butterfield in command of the Fifth Army Corps, which corps always felt something of a sense of property in him, though he soon left its command for the command of the Army of the Potomac, to which he was appointed after General Hooker's disaster at Chancellorsville. Many of our readers will remember the modest, business-like order in which he made known the President's appointment, and will recollect that it was in harmony with all his subsequent orders and proclamations, and with his whole conduct, which always was dignified and temperate, and in marked contrast with many of our too Napoleonic, proclamatory, declamatory chiefs. A few days afterwards he took up his position in the neighborhood of Gettysburg, and there fought the battle which will make his name always famous in our history, and which turned back the rebel invasion. It is for better judges than we can pretend to be to say whether there was excess of caution in his decision not to attack the retreating rebel army; public opinion was divided at the time, but public opinion was ill-informed and incapable of passing judgment, and has since adopted a view different from its former view, and accordant with that which was urged by General Meade's proper advisers.

his subordinate commanders. It is certain that the principal leaders of the Army of the Potomac were not at that time as harmonious among themselves as they afterwards became, and General Meade's position at their head was one of delicacy and difficulty. In 1834 General Grant took the main command, his headquarters being with the Army of the Potomac, and under him Meade served till the close of the war. He was then made a full major-general of the regular army, and during Reconstruction was successively in command of the Military Division of the Atlantic; of the Third Military District (Georgia, Florida, and Alabama), and again of the Atlantic Division, with headquarters at Philadelphia. General Meade was a cultivated gentleman, clear-headed, a man to be relied upon; not of warm passions, though he could at times be irascible. His sense of justice, however, could always be trusted to repair such consequences of the anxieties and responsibilities which weighed on him so heavily, as on many others of our countrymen of whom the country will always be proud. He belonged to a type of soldier and public servant which is not now so abundant as it has been, and will bear all the cultivation we can give it, the type which is greedy neither of gain nor glory, and finds its happiness in the doing honest work faithfully and well.

—We gave some account of the history of Phillips Academy, Exeter, N. H., in No. 356 of the *Nation* (July 4). At the same time we instanced a few of the more famous alumni of this excellent institution, which has probably trained for college and for public life a greater number of noted and able men than any similar school in the country. We have before us a list of the students attending the present term, and an analysis of it shows no diminution, but the contrary, of the university character (so to speak) which has long distinguished Phillips Academy. Maine has 5 students; New Hampshire, 29; Vermont, 2; Massachusetts, 42; Rhode Island, 3; Connecticut, 4; New York, 23; New Jersey, 2; Pennsylvania, 6; Ohio, 6; Illinois, 2; Wisconsin, 1; Minnesota, 1; District of Columbia, 2; Delaware, 1; Virginia, 1; North Carolina, 1; South Carolina, 1; Kentucky, 1; Missouri, 7; Kansas, 1; Arkansas, 2; Louisiana, 1; California, 3; Nova Scotia, 1; Denmark, 1—in all, 149.

—The *Springfield Republican* has recently had some letters about Yale College and Harvard College, from a correspondent who evidently knows a good deal about the past and present of "the university at Cambridge," and takes a deep interest in its success. It is true that his mind is in some trouble as to whether President Eliot will not by-and-by become too much like the archangel Uriel, but as the letters are instructive we shall overlook his fears on that point, and also his man-destroying and really horrid course as regards this journal, which we are happy to say worries him rather more than the archangel and the President combined. Uriel, the reader should know, is reported by Mr. Emerson, in one of his finest and most completely characteristic poems, as having astonished the other thrones, and dominations, and principalities, and powers, by speaking one day some deep words disclosing profundities which even the divinest of created intelligences could not contemplate without a shudder, or rather what the French call a "sensation." Then, when he perceived the shock he had given, he is said to have retired into his cloud and for ever after held his peace. Even so, as the correspondent vaguely fears, it may turn out that the progressive President of Harvard, dismayed at the dismay which, as the correspondent is credibly informed, he has stricken into some bad old dull conservatives and some judicious observers, may cease from going onwards in the path of liberality and may turn his back upon advancement. Harvard has always had a good deal of conservatism, he says; in "the splendid star of idealism," for instance, which arose at Concord (in the northwest), Harvard could see nothing but German transcendentalism; she has not as yet made Mr. Wendell Phillips a doctor of laws; Theodore Parker, that giant, she never so much as noticed, and may she not by-and-by begin to go backward? She may. We think, however, that the correspondent will be able to find easy means of reassuring himself. He has but to turn his eye from the Harvard College which declined to fit out John Brown expeditions, and was fond of the merchant princes of Boston and was not fond of Brook Farm, to the Harvard College which moved its students from Cambridge to Concord, in order that Washington's troops might have winter quarters in the College yard; whose undergraduates were among the three-months men of 1861, and to the memory of whose graduates and undergraduates killed in the war which followed 1861 a hall is now dedicated; which taught spiritual freedom as early as any similar institution in America, or in England, or in any country where the English language is heard; which, despite its age and its dependence upon the good-will of its wealthy graduates, has, in accordance with its traditions, set itself to the work of turning a college into a true university, and by general consent has measurably succeeded. Mistakes have been made in the past, and will be made in the future, and probably may be

making now; but we should say that as regards the mistake of undue conservatism, the unduly conservative person would oftenest be found to have "Uriel" marked on his shirts, as Mr. Hosea Biglow says, and not "H. U." Our correspondent informs us that at present the catalogue of the university shows that the College proper and the two schools of divinity (Episcopal, and Unitarian or General), the Law School, the Medical School, the Lawrence Scientific, the Agricultural, the School of Mining and Practical Geology, the Observatory, and the two Museums, contained last year the names of 1,214 students, of whom 621 were in the College itself. This year there are about 650 in the College, and the whole number of names in the catalogue will be about the same as before. The fact that a Harvard degree in law, medicine, dental surgery, or any other study pursued in the university, has by late changes in the government and practice of the institution come to signify real attainments on the part of the person holding it much more certainly than before, may doubtless be held responsible for the fact that the number of students is temporarily less than it would otherwise have been. But this failure to show a gain in point of numbers we suppose to be altogether temporary. The total number of instructors connected with the College is about one hundred, exclusive of lecturers and private tutors, who are numerous.

—Every little while the local editors of a pair of Western papers printed in rival cities, or rivals in one city, begin a tilt at each other in reference to some peculiarity, or alleged peculiarity, of their respective cities, or of the respective editors. The relative wickedness of Saint Louis and Chicago has been a fertile topic; so was the relative size of those two cities, and of each as compared with Cincinnati, and there have been countless other causes of dispute which were productive of an amount of extravagant, low fun and horse-play which we suppose the journals of no other country have ever displayed. One editor, we see, having recently remarked that in his family it has been usual for the male members to complete the allotted span of human life, his neighbor thereupon reminds him that "that was before the coming in of capital punishment." Another records the loss of a mule from his establishment, and his rival remarks that no greater case of self-forgetfulness was ever put on record. "Small Talk," of a Chicago paper we believe, is reported by a friend in another city to have fallen off a steamboat in the middle of Lake Huron, and to have at first abandoned all hopes of his life. He, however, luckily bethought himself, and, extending his ears to their full length and breadth, he was swiftly wafted ashore under a fine press of sail. We are next told that "Shakespeare" of the *Chicago Post*, although he is but seventeen years of age, yet can sit at his desk and brush the cobwebs from any part of the ceiling with his ears. It is thought that as he grows up, his ears will match any possessed by the editorial fraternity of his native city. The size of the feet of the ladies of Louisville has been a powerful theme of discourse by the St. Louis papers recently. One of them informs its readers that the agitation of the earth's surface, reported from Nashville as an earthquake, was really caused by a fashionable ball in Louisville. The same paper says that the popular cradle in Louisville has bay-windows for the infantile feet, and that Louisville shoemakers use pile-drivers for pegging thin-soled work. The jokes are carried to an absurd degree of extravagance, and are not always extremely provocative of laughter; but sometimes again they are very funny. The political campaign, as might be expected, has been fruitful of them, and a very amusing and jocose collection might have been made by any one who had thought of doing so in May last.

—In 1633, when Boston was three years old, the General Court of Massachusetts was called on to deal with the "labor question." The scarcity of workmen, Governor Winthrop tells us, "had caused them to raise their wages to an excessive rate, so as a carpenter would have three shillings a day; . . . and accordingly those who had commodities to sell advanced their prices, . . . so as it grew to a general complaint." "The evils which were springing, etc., were: (1.) Many spent much time idly, because they could get as much in four days as would keep them a week. (2.) They spent much in tobacco and strong waters, etc., which was a great waste to the commonwealth." The court taking notice of these "and some further evils," devised in its wisdom a remedy, which, if not thoroughly effectual, answered its purpose as well as some modern prescriptions for adjusting by legislation the relations between capital and labor. The conditions of the problem seemed, to Governor Winthrop and the magistrates, to be plain enough. The workingman must be protected against himself. He was growing poor by being overpaid. Because his wages were too high, he worked only two-thirds of his time, and for the rest of the week he was spending money instead of earning. By spending, he was raising the prices of all commodities, and so was compelled to pay more than he ought, not merely for his "tobacco and strong waters," but for necessities of life.

The General Court interposed for his relief and the good of the state, by *lowering his wages* and compelling him to work six days in the week. They ordered that master carpenters, masons, etc., should not take more than two shillings (or fourteen pence, with board) per day, and that they should "work the whole day, allowing convenient time for food and rest." The wages of inferior workmen should be fixed by the constable and town committees. Every person was forbidden to "spend his time idly or unprofitably," and offenders in this wise—especially "unprofitable *foolers* and *tobacco-takers*"—were to be looked after and brought to due punishment. And to the end that "honest and conscionable workmen should not be wronged or discouraged by excessive prices" of necessary commodities, the court decreed that no goods should be sold in the colony for more than fourpence on the shilling advance on the price at which the same description of goods "might be bought, for ready money, in England." What more could a General Court do for "labor reform"? And yet, four years afterwards, the law-makers were obliged to listen to "direct complaints made concerning *oppression in wages*, in prices of commodities, in smith's work," and so forth, "to the great dishonor of God, the scandal of the Gospel, and the grief of divers of God's people both here and in the land of our nativity."

—The New York correspondent of the *Messenger de Paris*, an able writer not wholly enamored of our democratic American form of government, and who even thinks that "aujourd'hui la République américaine a cessé de vivre," has been reviewing M. Laboulaye's well-meant attempts in the *Débats* to frame a constitution for France after the pattern of our own. The main ground of his criticism is that Laboulaye, in spite of his long and minute study of American politics, has a very imperfect knowledge of what he is talking about, and displays in his recent articles "cette ignorance du fond et cette perfection de la forme qui sont comme le cachet distinctif de ses écrits politiques." Ignorance of the matter and perfection of style, the correspondent should have remembered, have sometimes been thought the distinguishing stamp of French writing generally. Perhaps we should not bring him to book for assuring his readers in the *Messenger* that Mr. Greeley's election was certain long after his defeat had become more than probable. That was an error of judgment not necessary to be laid to his account as a foreigner. In the very letter, however, from which we have quoted, he has fallen into an historical error so gross as to prove him a very indifferent schoolmaster on American affairs. He names three causes as having contributed to the decay of American institutions, of which the first is "la transmission de la nomination du président du Congrès au suffrage universel" (1).

"Previous to 1825," he says, "the choice of President, instead of being committed to the people, was made by the Senate and House of Representatives in convention. Accordingly we observe that the Presidents appointed in this manner are remarkable for the most eminent qualities of mind and character; they were Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe—statesmen, writers, thinkers. But no sooner had Congress divested itself of its right in favor of the masses and the conventions which represent them, than we see men of inferior calibre mounting to power," etc., etc.

M. Laboulaye will doubtless not have to look into the United States Constitution to inform his critic that Congress never elected any President, and that John Quincy Adams was the only one whom, from failure of the people to make a choice, the House of Representatives had an opportunity to elect and did so elect.

—Literary activity in Italy scarcely yet permits the regular and unflinching chronicle which French, English, and German literature sustains. Only now and again does a work not technical appear which deserves mention outside of the peninsula. The recent erection in Milan of a monument to Leonardo da Vinci has given occasion for the publication of "Studj intorno all' arte e al genio di Leonardo da Vinci," by Carlo De Blasius, a slight work embellished with copper-plate engravings of Leonardo's portrait of himself in the Florence Gallery and of his *Gioconda*. "Scritti inediti di Lodovico Antonio Muratori" is a Bolognese publication, marking the two hundredth anniversary (Oct. 20) of the birth of the great historian. The first part of the volume is edited by Prof. Cesare Foucard and Prof. Galassini, and contains contemporary documents illustrative of Muratori's varied career, the "Treatise of Moral Philosophy for the Use of the Prince," and sundry letters; the second part contains an autobiography. Muratori's bones, by the way, have just been removed from their first resting-place in Modena, and an examination of them proved him to have been a man above the average height. The eighth volume of Nicomede Bianchi's "Storia documentata della Diplomazia Europea in Italia dall' anno 1814 all' anno 1831" has appeared, and is even richer than its predecessors in the curious documents brought to light. It embraces the period from 1830 to 1831. A posthumous work on Assyrian antiquities ("Ricerche per lo studio delle antichità assire"), by the late lamented Felice

Finzi, a young scholar of great acquirements and still greater promise, shows a thorough acquaintance with the foreign literature of the subject. A social question which concerns all manufacturing countries is treated for Italy in the brochure of Dr. S. Bonorai, of Como, "Sul lavoro dei fanciulli negli opificj," in the course of which the author says: "By getting operatives at ten years of age, you will have only wretched soldiers at twenty and thirty, and ruined men, worthless for reproducing the species; compelling a child to labor prematurely will never make an intelligent and robust workman." Two other Italian physicians, Drs. Verga and Valsassani, have been investigating the pretensions made concerning the anti-cancerous properties of the weed *cundurango* ("Il cundurango nelle affezioni cancerose"). They agree with the faculty here in regarding its alleged virtues as decidedly "not proven." Of the life of Daniel Manin, by Prof. Errera and Cesare Finzi, we spoke some time ago in advance of its publication. Another Venetian work, of a different order, which has passed to a second edition, is Tassin's "Curiosità veneziane, ovvero origine delle denominazioni stradali di Venezia." Prof. A. de Gubernatis has in press at London an English work in two volumes on Zoological Mythology—the worship of the cow, the bull, sacred elephants, etc. Ferazzi's "Manuale Dantesco" has reached a fourth volume; "Bibliografia," another bibliographical work that promises well, is Giovanni Papanti's "Catalogo dei Novellieri Italiani in Prosa," which will be a valuable supplement to the catalogues of Borromeo, Gamba, and Passano. It is in two volumes, and, it is said, describes a large number of rare works from personal observation. What would an American public think of the condition of the Biblioteca Nazionale at Florence, where the mass of manuscripts coming from the suppression of the monasteries has overpowered the cataloguers, so that new books received to-day cannot be catalogued and placed at the disposal of the public for a couple of years? The librarian sees the evil, but with his small force professes himself unable to remove it. It does not seem to have occurred to any one that it is possible to catalogue a book that is in demand before another previously received book that nobody wants.

—Among the recent publications of the English press we should like to call attention to the privately printed issue of the dramatists of the Restoration. It is to contain the works of Killigrew, Shadwell, Etherege, Centlivre, Wycherley, Sedley, Congreve, Farquhar, and others. The first volume of the series has appeared. It contains three plays by Sir Wm. Davenant, Ben Jonson's successor in the laureateship. Perhaps the only one that is at all well known is the comedy of "The Wits," which was printed in Dodsley's collection, and which, in spite of the coarseness of the time, is an amusing play. Of those in this first volume of the reprint one might be readily excused for ignorance. What especially strikes the reader of the tragedies is the bombastic fierceness of the plots and the tremendous mouthings of almost all the characters. Thus, for instance, does Albovine, in the tragedy of that name, woo his mistress:

"Fill me a bowl with negro's blood, congeal'd
Even into livers! Tell her, Hermegild,
I'll swallow tar to celebrate her health."

This, however, is no fair specimen of the author's general style, but only of his by no means uncommon frightful faults. A more valuable extract is the following from the second act of "The Cruel Brother," to which the editors of this edition call attention. Now that it is rather the fashion to run down the French, it is not wholly out of place:

"Tis known the French do take a pride
In the emphasis of sudden anger,
As if alacrity in ill did make
The fault look handsomely, and dulness add
Deformity to sin.

They have spirits: but they all are useless made
By forward and affectate violence.
He that spends his fury and his strength
In th' first charge, must not hope to make 's retreat
So nobly as the modest combatant,
Whose onset slowly moves: as careful not
To outride his skill. Their valor is 't attempt,
Not to perform. 'Tis a giddy nation;
And never serious but in trifles.
Thou dost mistake—in natural effects,
Where fancy is so rich, 'tis incident
To some misexpence. These witty riots
Divulge the wealth of th' brain. Fruit that is ripe
Is prone to fall, or to corrupt itself.
According to the age of Monarchies,
They now are fully ripe: they reach
The height and top of moral faculties.
Nature in them doth stand upon the verge
Of her own youth. The English want
Three hundred years of that perfection.
And as the moon ne'er changes but 't full,
Even so the mighty nations of the earth
Change in their greatest glory. First, their strict
And rugged discipline to vain delights,
Their solemn marches next to wanton jigs,
Their battles fierce to duels splenative,
Or witty quarrels of the pen."

This play was written, by the way, in 1630, so that England has still sixty years before it is wholly given over to Offenbach and journalists' duels. Of the paper and neat appearance of this volume too much cannot be said. We notice, however, a list of twenty-five *corrigenda*—far too great a number. Subscriptions may be sent to J. Baer & Co., London, Paris, and Frankfurt.

—Lovers of Elizabethan literature are shortly to have a three-volume edition of George Chapman's fifteen tragedies and comedies. The text, says the *Athenæum*, is to be printed *verbatim et literatim* from the now very rare original quartos, and will be accompanied by a memoir of the author.

—We read in the English papers that M. Alma-Tadema, the French artist, intends transferring his allegiance, and has applied for letters of naturalization to make himself a British subject. To some extent our American artists appear to be undergoing this same process. Mr. George Boughton, so well known for his Puritan maidens and his graceful landscapes, has quite won the English heart by his confiding sentimentalism and pretty pensiveness. Mr. Hennessy also has apparently taken up his permanent residence in London, and we see that the English critics speak with praise of his pictures, which certainly are not wanting in sentimentality either, but which his foreign critics commend as rendering skilfully what they take to be some distinctively American landscape effects. Mr. Bradford is another American artist who has had success; he has at least been warmly received in some extremely fashionable circles, everybody running after his photographs, and even, we believe, applauding his pictures. As representative of American art, we may properly be better pleased that the London public have had an opportunity to become acquainted with some of the works of Mr. John La Farge. The critic of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, not an unexacting judge, and the critic of the *Daily News*, both speak very favorably of some landscapes painted by this artist, whose landscapes, for their disintegrating effect on landscapes by most other artists which may be hanging in the room with them, are indeed likely to be as effective in most British galleries as they are in our American places of exhibition. Some of Mr. La Farge's flower pieces, also admirable, and, so far as we know, altogether unequalled by similar work done by any other contemporary artist, are also praised by the critics we have mentioned, though not as their delicate beauty merits.

—The London *Bookseller* calls attention to the falling off in the accuracy with which the *Times* used to be printed, in the days when, as the tradition ran, "there was a well-paid official in Printing-house Square who forfeited a guinea for every typographical error detected after the publication." "Not a day now passes," says the *Bookseller*, "without errors in every page of the *Times*. Nor are these mere clerical errors. They are blunders implying not carelessness, but ignorance; not rapidity, but stupidity." It cites such instances as these: "Infallible and *impeachable* are not synonymous," where *impeachable* is evidently used by the writer (Sir George Bowyer); "*Honmonian* school of geology" for *Huttonian*. "In the list of Greeley's supporters we find Charles A. *Duna*, for *Dana*, a name which might be familiar to English readers." "For years the name of the American Secretary of State was constantly printed as *Fisk*." "The same paper has sadly muddled the name of the new German envoy at Constantinople, and even the erratum had to be corrected." "In the review of Robert Chambers's life, William, the biographer, is put to death, and has to protest that not he, but his brother, succumbed to overwork in preparing the 'Book of Days.'" The *Bookseller*, however, might be a little modest in this matter. We have found its proof-reading noticeably less accurate than that of the *Publishers' Circular* when authors' names were concerned, and we fear that in its very just criticism on the *Times* it exhibits some of the "nodding" with which it reproaches the Thunderer. Thus we suspect an error in the sentence: "In the article on 'Our Foreign Critics' at the Autumn Manœuvres, the words *fear discipline* were printed for *feir disciplin*." Should we not have read: "*Fear discipline* were printed for *Feuerdisciplin*?" And is there not an anachronism when the *Bookseller* says, after speaking of the *Times's* "Southern articles during the war": "We have not the slightest doubt that in those days the Secretary of State was supposed in the *Times* office to be Mr. Fisk, the Prince of Erie, of unhappy notoriety?"

—The *Revue des Deux Mondes* for October 15, contains an interesting article on Rabelais from the pen of M. Albert Réville. The article is a criticism of a recent work on the curé of Meudon by a German professor—Dr. Fr. Aug. Arnstaedt. M. Réville gives what we suppose may be taken as the "modern" view of the writings of Rabelais, which differs from the old view in being in most respects exactly opposed to it. According to what may be termed the Rabelaisian legend or myth, Rabelais stands a repre-

sentative of "absolute scepticism"—he calculating cynic, the corrupter of youth who delights in his work, the fallen angel of the literary world. Illustrating this attributed character, certain stories have clustered about his name. On his death-bed, for example, he had himself wrapped in a domino that he might make a sacrilegious pun about dying in *Domino*. Another story ran that he died with a jest on his lips about "drawing the curtain on the *farce jouée*." These stories are as apocryphal, M. Réville assures us, as that other tale (which will die a harder death, perhaps) about the curé's amusing fancy, when in want of money for a journey, of labelling some packages of ashes as poison intended for the royal family, having himself arrested with these in his possession, and so, carefully looked after as a suspected criminal, carried to Paris for nothing. Unfortunately there are no proofs of any of these stories. Indeed, little is known of his life, but that little, taken in connection with his writings, makes the legend very legendary indeed. It is calumny, M. Réville says, to accuse Rabelais of intentional immorality or impiety. "One finds in him neither the insinuating and perfidious sensuality of the *Decameron* nor the unhealthy obscenity of the *Nouvelles Nouvelles*." His aim is generally very lofty, though his methods of reaching it are often very strange. "Rabelais is indecent, but not a corrupter." The legend, so far as it relates to his religious life, fares no better. "That he was a very poor Catholic, and more detached from the traditions of the church than many of his Protestant contemporaries, there is no doubt"; but that he was a good curé, faithfully performing the duties of his office, beloved by his flock, and with so good a reputation as a preacher that people came to Paris expressly to hear him, there seems also reason to believe. The story of his substitution of himself on a fête-day for the statue of the patron saint of his convent is apocryphal. Were it true, it ought properly to be regarded rather as a juvenile freak than as a characteristic piece of cynicism.

—Turning to Rabelais's writings, or rather to the chief of them, "Pantagruel," the most interesting question is, Have we the key to them? According to the legend, the characters of Rabelais's "Gargantua," "Gargousier," "Pantagruel," "Panurge," and the rest, were taken from the most distinguished men of his time, as, for example, Francis I., Louis XII., and Henry II., and the Cardinal d'Amboise; according to another explanation, they were taken from the royal family of Navarre. These theories, however, are completely abandoned nowadays, and a new explanation invented, viz., that no explanation is needed at all, that there is nothing in the writings of Rabelais "except the play of imagination, with laughter for its sole end, or at the most with the aim of introducing here and there a few philosophic truths." This theory is also erroneous. The fact of the matter is that Rabelais's writings contain a hidden or esoteric doctrine, and that the characters do not represent historical persons but personified abstractions, such as royalty, science, the state, the religious life, and so on. The serious idea of the two first books of "Pantagruel" is the education of youth and the ideal of life. The three others deal with the search for truth in general, the aids which help the search, the obstacles which hinder it, and the enemies which must be overcome to reach it. The unity which binds together the somewhat incoherent parts of the scheme is the individuality of the author himself. We have not space to go into all the details of M. Réville's proof of this explanation, nor the theory of life to which it in the end brings us, nor his interesting literary criticism. It is enough to say that "Pantagruel" and "Panurge" are taken as representing the opposite sides of Rabelais's (or, perhaps, we ought to say of human) nature, one strong, amiable, loyal, learned, courageous, religious, in short, noble—the other cowardly, lazy, thievish, vindictive, foul, and ignoble. "Panurge" and "Pantagruel" stand to each other in a relation analogous to that of Don Quixote and Sancho, Faust and Wagner. Whatever Pantagruel conceives from an elevated, ideal point of view, Panurge with his enthralled intelligence regularly translates and lowers to the level of his material tastes. Pantagruel seeks the supreme word of fate; Panurge wants to know if he may marry without risk. The young hero loves the glory acquired in defensive warfare; Panurge dreams only of the palpable profits of victory. Pantagruel is merciful and generous; Panurge delights in cruel vengeance, in the humiliation and death of those who have offended him; is only prodigal in the interest of his own skin. "It is a perpetual contrast, yet withal never was there a more intimate union." The search for truth ends in the discovery of Rabelais's philosophical and religious principle, which M. Réville calls "l'amour de la vie intense," which we might translate: "love of life at the full." The theory, however fanciful the reader may think it, is well carried out; and M. Réville's article, containing as it does besides this "key" an explanation of Rabelais's very advanced and enlightened views of education, ought to do something to rehabilitate the reputation of one of the wittiest and profoundest of French writers.

FROTHINGHAM'S RISE OF THE REPUBLIC.*

THE title of Mr. Frothingham's work is not on the whole a well-chosen one, for the reason that it appears to cover a wider field than the author had in mind. The real subject of the book is the formation of the American Union, and this subject is treated of with great breadth and fullness. But points even essential to the development of the Republic, except when they bear directly upon the sentiment or establishment of union, are treated only incidentally, if at all. Thus the internal governments of the several colonies, as well in institutions as in political usages and principles of administration, are hardly touched upon; although these are surely of the greatest importance in the establishment of the American Republic.

We must, therefore, forget the large promise of the title, and look merely to what the author set out to do, if we would judge fairly of his book. Regarded as a history of the establishment of the Union, it is marked by great simplicity and comprehensiveness of plan, and contains a very complete relation of the events which gradually led the colonies to regard themselves as having common interests, secured their political independence, and thus at last brought them into a firm and lasting connection. These events are analyzed with care, and so grouped that the successive chapters emphasize and bring into distinct view the successive steps in this development, particularly in the reciprocal relation between this process and the causes which occasioned these steps, whether these causes were foreign enemies or acts of the English Government. In this way the English legislation from the Stamp Act down, and its influence upon public sentiment and revolutionary action, are made unusually clear. This particular merit finds expression in the headings to the chapters, which state tersely and suggestively the successive acts of aggression and the consequences of each in the colonies; as, "The Tea Act and American Union," "The Regulating Act and Association," "The King's Proclamation and Revolution."

We wish the headings to the chapters had stopped here; but each chapter has besides another and expanded form of the same, and, what is worse, an introductory paragraph in which the substance of the chapter is packed into a few excessively heavy and obscure sentences—not a bad plan in itself, if only it were done with more skill. Thus, in Chap. VII., "Royal Instructions and Party Organization" is expanded to "How the Patriots advanced from an embodiment of Public Opinion to a Party Organization, by forming Committees of Correspondence. March, 1770, to August, 1773." This is all very well; but then follows this ponderous paragraph: "The patriots, in dealing with the Stamp Act and the Townshend Revenue Acts, developed elements of union, which had gathered strength beneath the diversity that characterized the colonial age; and thirteen communities embodied in their varied action common convictions on political ideas, and so were prepared for a general organization. When the ministry attempted to carry out their policy by arbitrary Royal Instructions, the patriots formed committees of correspondence, and thus organized the party which achieved the American Revolution"—p. 249. We must do Mr. Frothingham the justice to say that this is not by any means a fair specimen of his style. When he philosophizes he is heavy; but when he narrates, he is, although certainly not lively or picturesque or even elegant, yet on the whole an interesting writer. His style improves as he warms into the subject, and the last chapters are much more readable than the first; even if at times we meet with very clumsy expressions, as that at the close of the war (p. 522) the soldiers "impressed an American lesson on mankind" in returning quietly to their homes.

The principal fault we have to find with this book, from a general point of view, is the failure to appreciate honest differences of judgment, as well as the various modes of political thought, in the revolutionary period. We should be sorry if it did not show a hearty sympathy with the revolutionary movement; but surely at the distance of a hundred years, we ought to be able and willing to recognize what there was of good on the other side; to admit that the policy of independence was not so unquestionably clear as it seemed to ardent minds at the time, or as we have been accustomed to regard it in the light of subsequent events. An indiscriminating eulogy of everything that was said and done on one side, and censure of everything on the other side, are not what historical science at the present day demands or permits.

In like manner there is hardly any discrimination among the partisans of independence themselves, or intimation of that variance of opinion and purpose which already existed among them, if only in the germ, and which afterwards divided them into two hostile parties. In truth the American revolution was carried through by a coalition of parties not unlike that which expelled James II. from the throne of England. It was only in the face of a common enemy that John Adams and Samuel Adams, Washington

and Jefferson, joined hands in a common cause; when this external pressure was withdrawn, and the one object—Independence—which they all equally desired, was attained, the natural divergences of temper and opinion carried them farther and farther from each other, and created the most intense and venomous party spirit that has ever existed in this country.

But it is not enough to recognize this latent divergence among the patriots; it should be noticed further that the revolutionary movement was in the main controlled and inspired by what we may call the conservative division of the patriot party. Under the influence of the prolonged political rule of Jeffersonian Democracy, it became the fashion to forget this, and to regard the revolution as representing the theories of the school of political philosophy which succeeded in reaping its results. De Tocqueville pointed out with great emphasis, and we cannot insist upon it too strongly, that the American Revolution was essentially a conservative one; that it was of the type of the English revolutions, and not of the French. It is true our fathers went to war, as Webster says, "on a preamble"; but it was a preamble that dealt with specific historical rights, not with abstract theories. It was in defence of institutions and practices of long standing—and that too not merely of the few years of the colonial period, but of the hundreds of years of English liberty—that they took up arms.

On the other hand the oppressive measures of the English Government were an innovation; just as the whole series of the triumphs of prerogative have been. The reduction of the Belgian provinces under the authority of Spain; the subjection of Hungary and Bohemia to Austria; the submission of the entire church under the Papal See; the enforcement of tonnage and poundage and of ship money—all these victories of prerogative were gained over long-established and well-defined liberties. George III. came to the throne with the same lofty notions of prerogative which had brought the Stuarts to ruin—notions which he had imbibed from somewhat analogous causes with them. The attempt to crush the liberties of the American colonies was the commencement of his systematic efforts to carry out his radical theories of prerogative; it was the liberties of Englishmen, no less than their own, that the colonists successfully vindicated.

Again, it was not true of the American revolutionists, any more than it is true necessarily of other communities, that the radical and subversive theories of liberty were found in the most democratic communities. There was a certain aristocratic element in all the colonies; but it was strongest in Virginia and New York, those which took the lead in the radical crusade of Jefferson and his school; while democratic Massachusetts was the consistent and vigorous supporter of the Federal party. Neither is there any inconsistency in this. The democratic institutions of New England were characterized by an organized action, a vigorous and orderly administration, and a rigid adherence to the precedents of historical liberties, such as have characterized all free governments that have endured. It was emphatically the self-government—government of self and by self—of an intelligent and organized community; not that lawlessness of a mob which passes for democracy nowadays. An illustration of the degree in which the "liberties" of the New England municipalities consisted in strictness of procedure, and in an administration which, in Mr. Mill's words (*Disc.*, vol. ii. p. 137), "breaks the headlong impulses of popular opinion, by delay, rigor of forms, and adverse discussion," is found in the rule by which no matter of business can come before a town-meeting unless it has been distinctly announced beforehand in the warrant; again, in the rule that all appropriations of money are made for specific objects, and that the magistrates are held rigidly accountable for applying the funds to these purposes. It was this organized, orderly, conservative democracy that began and carried through the struggle of the Revolution, and that stood firmly by the statesmanlike administration of Washington.

It is indeed in forms like these that the guarantees of liberty mainly consist, as Webster finely pointed out in his speech on the Presidential Protest (*Works*, vol. iv. p. 122). "Nothing is more deceptive or more dangerous than the pretence of a desire to simplify government. The simplest governments are despotisms; the next simplest, limited monarchies; but . . . every free government is necessarily complicated, because all such governments establish restraints, as well on the power of government itself, as on that of individuals." In consistency with this, the progress of despotism in the old countries has consisted essentially in doing away with local forms and usages, and forcing various differently organized communities to surrender their individual and often complicated institutions, and to adapt themselves to one simple model. In like manner the type of democracy which follows this same innovating process, and aims to reduce all political action under the simple will of the numerical majority, is in reality in league with monarchy, and effectively prepares the way for the one-man power, whether of Caesar or Cleon. And not merely this; it should be observed that it is noways incon-

* "The Rise of the Republic of the United States. By Richard Frothingham." Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1872. 8vo, pp. 640.

sistent with an arrogant sentiment of aristocracy. The New England democracy is essentially conservative; Jefferson democracy found its strength and heartiest expression among Virginian slaveholders.

The portions of Mr. Frothingham's work which seem to us to merit special praise are: the third chapter, which gives a remarkably clear and interesting account of the proceedings under James II. and William and Mary, and brings into great prominence the career of Jacob Leisler, in connection with the Congress of 1690; the portions which treat of the part taken personally by King George III. in forcing the oppressive measures of the ministry; the analysis of the successive steps by which the colonies merged their individual action in that of Congress, and thus made a "beginning in America of what in matters of international law is termed sovereignty" (p. 419); and especially in Chap. XI., the able exposition of events during the month of June, 1776, as bearing upon and preparing the way for the Declaration of Independence in the succeeding month.

RECENT NOVELS.*

"UNAWARES" is a perfectly simple little tale, told in a very charming way, and one that we warmly recommend to our readers. The plot on which the story rests is so slight that it would be an act of ingratitude to reveal it; one can guess beforehand how it will turn out without losing any interest in the welfare of the heroine whose love adventures fill these few pages. What the reader feels is not any terror that is instinctively associated with certain tragic events, even if they are clumsily lugged in by the novel-maker, nor any intellectual tickling from an epigrammatic flirtation, but genuine sympathy with a human being who is having her tussle with the troubles of life. The heroine is no exalted creature unduly beset by cruel fate, but a simple enough person, in whom the principal interest is her girlishness as it is shown in her confident belief in the certainty of her ultimate happiness, in her half-romantic dreaming, and in her self-confident inexperience. A writer who can draw a character that is what people are, and not merely does what people, and most commonly people in novels, generally do, is a successful novelist. Perhaps the captious will take exception to the hero, who is too much like the hero of women who write novels, and so, probably, of many who read them; and, in our opinion, they will be justified in regarding him as rather a man of straw who is to be adored for his energy and his constancy than as a representation of an energetic and constant man who is as well drawn as the heroine. There is a slight angelic flavor in the foresight, the professional wisdom, the ardent love, the self-abnegation, etc., with which his womankind might properly invest him, but which is of a sort that to some extent mars the dispassionate novel. Still, there is no need of dwelling on a fault which, in this case, is too slight to hurt a story in other respects so good. Especially deserving of praise is the natural way in which the story is set in a foreign country, so that the reader receives the impression of what is most important in the scene of the novel without having it ungracefully thrust upon him. It is all subordinated to the real story. We once more recommend "Unawares" as well as "The Rose-Garden" as novels which are far superior to most of these which we have seen this year. They interest us as pictures of life, not as an exhibition of the mechanical ingenuity of writers.

Mrs. Cashel Hoey's "A Golden Sorrow" belongs decidedly to this latter class of novels. There are a number of people in the volume, rather than in the story, who appear occasionally as if they were taking part in characters, and give us amateur imitations of selfishness, love-making, typhoid fever, etc. There is the cruel father who is painted with the blackest of black paint, the girl who marries the choice of her heart, albeit to the worldly eye it is a most imprudent match, and the girl who does not believe in love and who marries for money. We only wonder that the author gave this one a chance to humble herself and try again under the other dispensation, instead of letting her starve to death in her best clothes on a desert island as an awful warning to cynical young women. Indeed, she better deserves that fate than the one which is chronicled as a punishment for her extraordinary behavior about her rich but aged husband's will. This may be worth mentioning as an example of the ingenious devices, not so much of the women who are so far mistaken as to marry rich men, but of those who try to write novels without material. The husband is just dead, his young widow fears that his money will pass into some other person's hands, and persuades her

docile brother to put on a night-cap, jump into another bed, and, pretending to be the husband, to make a will in her favor, forging her husband's name. This is perfectly successful, and her only punishment is that she marries the gentleman whom she had thus defrauded, and whom, we are told, she really loved.

"The Lady of Lyndon" is a novel that is especially remarkable for the high-toned names of the people who fall in and out of love in the story. Fitzgerald, "commonly called Fitz," Tempest and his sister Winifred, Sir Vere Lyndon and his sister Clare Lyndon, Lady Constance Hampden and her sister Lady Audrey Hampden, Lord Tudor the fastidious, and his sister Lady Fullerton, Bertram Denbigh and Edith Hampden, daughter of the Reverend Augustus Hampden, Sir Montague Lyndon, who is occasionally referred to, who is dead and gone—such people are to be criticised with reverence. The story is simply one of flirtations, which are complicated by various social entanglements. To follow the plot, to keep the run of the calls which are made and returned, and not to confound in one's mind the madly exciting events of the various tea-parties, requires of the reader the most unflinching attention. The author takes very good care of all the characters, they all move and have their being "in the highest circles," and she marries them all off in succession to the right people. The novel is simply a long tale of gossip, as devoid of faults as it is of any genuine interest. Now that the equinoctial storm is over, we feel doubtful about recommending it, but it may do for very bad weather in the winter.

A much more ambitious and a far more successful novel is Miss Healy's "A Summer's Romance." The scene is laid in the island of Capri, and all the incidental part of the story, such as the descriptions of the island and the delineation of the unimportant characters, is managed with a great deal of skill, which is successful in attracting and pleasing the reader. We doubt, however, whether as high praise can be given to the way in which the main plot of the novel is told. It would seem as if the author had introduced characters which she could not manage, and which she had studied rather in the pages of other novelists than in actual life. In a few words it may be said that the romance is one that went on between a pale, at first sight unattractive young woman, who had been a companion to an aggravating English matron, and a young painter. The young woman had been left free for a few months by the matron's death, and a sum of money that had been left her, and she determined to spend her vacation at Capri. These two young people are thrown a great deal together in an unconventional way; they have long and emotional conversations about themselves; he gives her instruction in drawing, and sings to her with the usual result, until finally the evil angel appears, disguised this time under the sweet-sounding name of Carryl Crittenden. This new arrival does not believe in love, and warns his pliant friend Lester, the painter, against the danger he is running of getting entangled. Moreover, he promises to turn the girl's love from Lester to himself, the irresistible. He only succeeds in falling hopelessly in love himself; but he takes his revenge by persuading Lester to leave the island, to return to England, and enjoy a legacy which had been left him by his aunt, the English matron referred to above, on the condition that he should not make an unsuitable match by marrying beneath him. There is, of course, very much more than appears in this very meagre analysis; but this may, perhaps, be enough to warrant a closer criticism of this part of the novel. What had gone before was prettily and naturally told, but from the moment that this "man of the world" appears, we find a great change. He is always posing, always grim at heart, however delightful in manner, cynical but entertaining; in short, he is too much the ordinary hero of fiction. And there is something, not painful, for that was to be expected, but unnatural in the way in which the tragedy is shuffled into the story, and a very amiable young woman is racked because a young man prefers money to marriage. This is a fair problem, and one for which no novelist need go far for example; but the story is harmed by the fact that this question is complicated by Crittenden's jealousy and Lester's blind devotion to his friend, so that the most definite impression left upon the reader is one of the absolute impotence of Lester's mind. He was false because he could do nothing but follow the advice of the person who spoke to him last. The writer fails to represent a man who decides after a struggle which would be the dramatic centre of the story; she only paints a weak man with no mind of his own, who does as he is bid, and we should feel grateful that Louisa escapes him. In spite of this fault, however, the novel is better than most, and we trust that it will be followed by more from the same pen.

One is averse to saying anything about Mrs. Oliphant's last novel, "Ombrage," because its dullness is so rare a fault of hers, and one that, in general, wherever found, is sufficiently obvious of itself. The story is not a particularly interesting one, nor is it told with the author's usual skill; but although the novel was apparently hastily written, there is some of the keen observation and the delicate humor that all the readers of her books will remember.

* "Unawares. By the author of 'The Rose-Garden.'" Boston: Roberts Brothers.

1872 "A Golden Sorrow. By Mrs. Cashel Hoey." New York: Harper & Bros. 1872.

"The Lady of Lyndon. By Lady Blake." Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1872.

"A Summer's Romance. By Mary Healy." Boston: Roberts Bros. 1872.

"Ombrage. By Mrs. Oliphant." New York: Harper & Bros. 1872.

"The Eustace Diamonds. By Anthony Trollope." New York: Harper & Bros.

1872. "Victor Norman, Reitor. By Mrs. Mary Denison." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1873.

On the whole, however, "Ombra" is disappointing, and cannot be recommended.

"The Eustace Diamonds" is the name of Mr. Trollope's last novel, which fills a bulky volume of three hundred and fifty pages. Every one who reads novels has made up his own mind exactly how much merit this author has, exactly how far he sees into human nature, and how interesting his delineations are. That his popularity is declining we should explain as merely the weariness of the public at what formerly amused it. In his method, Mr. Trollope is singularly unchanged, and advancing years only give him more experience. This novel will, we think, be found very readable by those who are not appalled by the author's formal slowness and familiar mannerisms. There is something very ingenious in the account of the bad heroine's lies, and in her unreasonable devotion to her falsehoods. The book is dull at times, but it is clever and more entertaining than half a hundred of the parodies of sentiment which for ever attract hungry readers.

How to render a verdict on "Victor Norman" without finding it flimsy in plot, indelicate in idea, and marred in other respects by unpleasant imitations of Dickens when not at his best, we do not know. The hero, a gentleman of rather "high-church" proclivities, and rector of a flourishing parish, is dogged throughout the story by a suspicious woman and an underbred child, who bears him a striking likeness, and who imparts that flavor of doubtful morality, or that suspicion of hidden sin under a just exterior, which appears to be so taking with both novel readers and novel writers. Of course the damaging suspicion is unfounded, and after suffering all the usual horrors, and inflicting them upon that member of his congregation who is most in love with him, Victor Norman comes forth "as clear as the sun," if by no means "as terrible as an army with banners." Then we have also an old "parcel man," lame and ugly, who marries out of pure benevolence, and with a wish to save her from a life of shame, the most beautiful and innocent maid that ever stood with "bare little feet" on a New York crossing, and swept it for casual pennies. He carries her home to his "pepper-pot of a house," and watches the gradual passion that grows up between her and his handsome grown-up son, to whom he has entrusted the forming of her mind. How Dick grows mad with longing, and how he is tempted to poison his father, but heroically resists, and is in the end rewarded by hearing from his complaisant parent that nothing could have given him a truer joy than to watch the struggle between love and duty in these two who are so dear to him, and that although he was properly married in church to Bessy, yet he has never held other than parental relations with her, and will be happy to resign her to his son. All these things are told in a way that makes one wonder if there is such a thing as delicacy of soul recognized by or recognizable in our popular literature. For Mrs. Denison goes on to "annul the marriage," and makes Dick and Bessy orthodoxly happy. It is unfortunate that novels like this should get a publisher.

JOHN J. CRITTENDEN.*

THIS is the life of one of the best examples of a Southern public man of the old school. If the leading slaveholders had had his moderation, or the wisdom to be guided by his counsels, they might have held their slaves and maintained a powerful influence in national affairs for many years to come. Mr. Crittenden was a slaveholder and a believer in the political necessity and morality of the system. At least we have never seen any reason to think that he questioned either the one or the other. A letter from the late James G. Birney, dated Feb. 11, 1836, inviting him to be the President of the short-lived Kentucky Society for Gradual Emancipation, which is printed in this work, gave him an opportunity, had he wished it, of expressing his opinion on this subject. As the answer is not given, and we believe was never made public by Mr. Birney, we may infer that he did not see fit to commit himself to any effectual action against slavery. That he would have rejoiced in any method of freeing Kentucky from its blasting effects, and would have gladly co-operated in carrying it out, we are willing to believe. But like Mr. Clay, he doubtless thought that the pre-eminence of the party to which he belonged in the nation was of too much importance to be risked by any such Quixotic adventure. He was a thoroughgoing Union man to the last, and, like most other such North and South, believed that the Union was only to be maintained by granting the slaveholders every possible protection for their peculiar species of property; and his name will be best known in history by his last abortive attempt to compromise the differences, which seemed to him but superficial and immaterial, while they were in fact vital and arising out of the very nature of things and the constitution of the human mind.

* "The Life of John J. Crittenden, with Selections from his Correspondence and Speeches. Edited by his Daughter, Mrs. Chapman Coleman." In two vols. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. 1871.

Mr. Crittenden was born on the 10th of September, 1787, in Kentucky. She was when she received him at his birth but a rude nurse; half civilized, and possessed of but few of the necessary appliances for his nurture and education. Perhaps it was no real disadvantage to him that he had to wrestle with hardships and difficulties, and to be his own best instructor. He made his way to the bar at the age of twenty, was appointed Attorney-General of the Territory of Illinois at twenty-two, took part in the war of 1812, and was at the battle of the Thames, which was the remote occasion of making General Harrison President, and incidentally Mr. Crittenden his Attorney-General; was elected to the U. S. Senate at thirty in 1816, resigned three years later, was made District Attorney for Kentucky by President Adams, turned out of office by Jackson, and again elected to the Senate in 1835. When General Harrison was elected President, Mr. Crittenden was made Attorney-General, but resigned his office in a few months with the rest of the Harrison Cabinet, with the exception of Mr. Webster, because of the treachery of John Tyler to the party that elected him. He was almost immediately returned to the Senate, and there remained till 1842, when he resigned to become Governor of Kentucky. On this occasion a dinner was given him by Senators and Representatives and citizens, without distinction of party. The list of the signers of the letter of invitation is given, and is noticeable for the forgetfulness which has settled down upon the greatest part of them in the course of a quarter of a century, from which a very few—Jeff. Davis, Mason, Bell, Toombs, etc.—are rescued by the infamy of their treason. Low down in the list is a name, perhaps the obscurest of all at that time, and which no one then dreamt was to be the most illustrious in our history since that of Washington. We need not add that the name was that of "A. LINCOLN," then a Representative from Illinois. Mr. Crittenden returned to Washington as Mr. Fillmore's Attorney-General in 1850, after the death of General Taylor, and held the office until the end of that Administration. In 1855 he was again elected to the Senate, and so remained till 1861, after which he was returned to the House of Representatives. While canvassing for a second election, he died on the 26th of July, 1863, in his 76th year.

During the intervals of his national service at Washington, Mr. Crittenden was generally in the Legislature of Kentucky or some State office. He was thus an example of the excellent policy of the slaveholding States before the war, of continuing a man of ability in office all his life, which was a main reason of the advantage the Southern politicians had over the raw and undisciplined levies of the North. He was all the time a lawyer in good practice. He had great power over juries, which, in the half-civilized condition of Kentucky society, were greatly in the power of skilful rhetoricians. The chief forensic triumphs of Mr. Crittenden, as recorded in these volumes, were had in rescuing sundry villanous murderers from the gallows they had most richly merited. The last and most notorious of these cases was that of Matt Ward, who murdered a Yankee schoolmaster. That Mr. Crittenden should have volunteered to defend that dastardly assassin, and employed his skill and used the weight of his name to procure an acquittal, was a stain on his personal and professional character, which the labored defence which he thought it necessary to make of his conduct failed to wipe out, and which will attach to his memory as long as it holds a place in men's minds. So will the opinion which he gave in 1850, as Attorney-General, in support of the Constitutionality of the Fugitive Slave Bill be for ever remembered against him. There are certain things which posterity never forgets, and the actors in which it never forgives, and of these that legislative crime is one. All the sophistries that legal casuistry threw around it at the time to disguise its enormity will be swept away by history, and it will be recorded in her blackest characters. Mr. Crittenden had the palliation of his Southern birth and his status as a slaveholder to mitigate the severity of the judgment which posterity will pass on the actors in that deed, but they will not be allowed to amount to his acquittal as an accessory before the fact. This is the more to be regretted as his public action in general was very honorable to his political wisdom and independence of character. He resisted the annexation of Texas, resolutely withstood the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, sternly condemned the Lecompton fraud and the Kansas villanies, opposed the measures looking towards the annexation of Cuba, and was a bitter opponent of secessionism. In view of the uncertain sound which many Northern statesmen gave forth at the beginning of that struggle, it is not strange that Mr. Crittenden should have thought that he could calm the rising tempest by the magic of his resolutions, known as the Crittenden Compromise, to which we have already alluded. His failure to satisfy the secessionists showed that the object of those conspirators was not the security of slavery, which that compromise would have established as far as laws could do it, but their own supremacy in the nation.

Mr. Crittenden was naturally the personal and political friend of Mr. Clay, and supported his claims to the Presidency as long as there was any

hope of his success. Mr. Clay, however, held that as long as there was life there was hope, and clung with desperation to his last chance in 1848, when he had reached the limit of threescore and ten years. Mr. Crittenden seeing the impossibility of his success was one of the earliest promoters of the election of General Taylor. This produced a personal coolness on the part of Mr. Clay towards his old friend, which was only cured when he was on his death-bed. The rivalry between the really great men of the generation for the privilege of the Presidency, the disappointment of their hopes, and their mortification at seeing the quality of man which the people chose to honor in their stead, might furnish a fruitful theme for the moralist or the cynic. Clay, and Calhoun, and Webster, and Scott, all of them thinking their claims good, and one at least with reason, bidden to stand aside for Van Buren, and Harrison, and Polk, and Fillmore, and Pierce! It is a pregnant lesson on the vanity of ambition. Mr. Crittenden himself was named as a possible candidate on one or two occasions, and certainly would have made a much more creditable head to the nation than any of the mediocrities we have named, whose very insignificance and want of weight was the motive power that hoisted them into the White House. Mr. Crittenden was not the intellectual equal of either of his great contemporaries, but he was certainly among the first in the second line. He was not a man of genius—how few have there been!—but of excellent abilities, strong common sense, and sterling worth in private life. His speeches are vigorous and able productions, well adapted to produce the effect he proposed to himself and to secure the respectful attention of his hearers. It is only when he attempts to set off the forcible simplicity of his sentences with the ornaments of poetical or classical illustration that he sometimes comes to grief. As where he gave to Richard (the Third we presume) the one merit of the Thane of Cawdor, that "nothing in his life became him like the leaving of it"; and to Addison the line of Pope's Prologue, about "a great man's falling with a fallen state"; and to a "Roman conqueror" the "stern word" "*Va victis!*" with which Brennus the Gallic chieftain taunted the Romans, when he threw his sword into the scales where the ransom of Rome was weighing. But Mr. Crittenden had no lack of Congressional companions in this particular distress to keep him in countenance.

Mr. Crittenden is shown by the pious pains of his daughter in a most amiable light in his relations with his family and his friends. He had the grief, common in all civil wars, of seeing his sons take opposite sides in the rebellion. His eldest son, disregarding his father's earnest exhortations "to be true to the government which has trusted you, and stand fast to your nation's flag," turned the sword he had received from his country, and which she had taught him to use, against her life. Two of his other sons, however, served through the war in the Union army, and are still officers of rank in it. Mrs. Coleman has done her work so well where she appears in person, that we are the more sorry that we see no more of her own proper hand in it. The defect of the book as a literary work is, that it is less a continuous narrative of a life than a collection of documents relating to one. The book is unmanageably heavy, and would have been better and would have had more readers had it been retrenched by a third. The writer of the life of a public man should act on the presumption that none of the readers know anything on the subject. This assumption may be courteously veiled and the necessary narrative made as concise as possible, but it should govern its composition. It is quite proper that the story should be illustrated, and the character of the subject exemplified by extracts from his speeches and public papers, but they should be brief and consist only of the titbits and plums, for there is nothing that the average reader regards in the light of what novel-reading young ladies call "*skip*" so much as these passages. A thread of narration giving the prominent public events of her father's life, on which his own writings and the letters of his friends should have been strung, would have made her work clearer and more satisfactory to all her readers. For even of those who have lived through all the events she would have had to tell, very many have but a confused recollection, and very few an accurate knowledge, of them; while to the generation that have come to maturity within the last ten or a dozen years they are all one as ancient history. Not unfrequently the reader is tantalized by having his interest excited by the action of Mr. Crittenden in some matter of public or private legislation, and no word added to tell the result. The brief account which Mrs. Coleman gives in the beginning of her work of the manners and customs of Kentucky in the earlier days of her father's life, is so lively and entertaining that we are sure she could have done well and gracefully the work we miss, had she thought it best so to do. The letters to Mr. Crittenden form a very valuable and entertaining part of the contents of the volume. Those of Governor Letcher are rollicking and jolly in a high degree, and of those true letters which the writer never dreamed would be seen by any eyes but his correspondent's. Mr. Clay's are rather of the sort which are written with the sense that posterity is looking over his shoulder as he

writes. General Scott's are not all of this kind, but excellent and entertaining, and quite redeem his character as a letter-writer from the ridicule the unlucky epistle over which he spilt his "hasty plate of soup" had attached to it. General Taylor's are manly and sensible, and give one a higher opinion of his capacity as a civilian than it has usually obtained. Much light is thrown by them on the secret history of the time of the Mexican war and the intrigues intended to ruin General Taylor, but which ended in making him President. There is much valuable matter of historical and personal interest contained in these and other letters, which will render the work one of permanent value.

RECENT POETRY.*

III.

EACH season in London there is some book—a novel, or a poem, or what not—which is received with a universal kindness of welcome that must be somewhat trying to authors who have to run the ordinary gauntlet, and which to the outsider is often inexplicable. We recall at this moment three or four of these favorites of fortune. One was "*The Coming Race*," a public satire on things in general, and on republican forms of government in particular—a good deal of the story of which, by the bye, we take to have been unblushingly "lifted" from Mr. Robert Landon, who twenty-odd years ago published a two-volume work, "*The Fountain of Arethusa*," of the same general description as "*The Coming Race*." A very suggestive, full-flavored, and hearty book it is, too, penetrative, humorous, and every way enjoyable. Another of these spoiled children of criticism was George Eliot's "*Spanish Gypsy*," though it is easy to see in her case how a disinclination to be rude with a writer to whom so much respect was on other grounds due might prevent plain speaking in regard to our philosophic novelist's poetry. Later came "*John Jerningham's Journal*" by some writer to us unknown, and, to hear the reviewers, one would have supposed it to be anything but the vapid little thing it was—a piece of young missish verse-making relative to some persons and adventures which, without the rhyme, not even a New York *Ledger* audience would have listened to for five minutes. The latest of these lucky performances that we have noticed is the one which heads our list of books, "*Olrig Grange*." It is a higher class member of the school of "*John Jerningham's Journal*," though it is not quite so "powerful weak" as that effort; but it will do very well. Its burden is the life, love, and early death of a youth called "Thorold":

He was
A student who had travelled many a field
Of arduous learning, planted venturesome foot
On giddy ledge of speculative thought,
And searched for truth o'er mountain, shore and sea,
In stone, and flower, and every living thing,
Where he might read the open secret of God
With his own eyes, and ponder out its meaning."

He is, in short, busy to some extent with the problem of unifying faith and science, and although but a youth,

"And tall, and slightly stooping, with features high
And thin and colorless; yet earnest life
Beamed full of hope and energy and help
From his great lustrous eyes."

and he is introduced to us when the poem begins as going forth to a scientific career, in which he is to win distinction. He does not, however; he falls in love with a lady whose mother is evangelical in point of religious professing, but bitterly worldly in point of fact, and who is determined that her daughter shall marry a baronet even if she turns ritualist to effect that object. Her father, a scientific dilettante, but not really scientific, is equally decided against Thorold, who had expected him to stand his friend. Without meaning to betray Thorold, Rose has to give him up in favor of the baronet; the hectic shortly comes into Thorold's cheek, and he goes home to Hester to die, which he does after a long monologue, in which he explains his love affairs, and "reconciles faith and science" as follows:

"My old doubts—Well, they no more fret,
Nor chafe and foam o'er sunken rocks.
I don't know that my Faith is yet
Quite regular and orthodox.
I have not keys for all the locks,
And may not pick them. Truth will bear
Neither rude handling, nor unfair
Evolution of its words, and mocks
Whoever would falsely enter there.
"But all through life I see a Cross,
Where sense of God yield up their breath:
There is no gain except by loss.
There is no life except by death,
There is no vision but by Faith,
Nor glory but by bearing blame;
Nor justice but by taking blame;
And that Eternal Passion soith,
Be emptied of glory and right and name."

* "*Olrig Grange*. Edited by Herman Käser, Philol. Professor." Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1872.

"*A Hidden Life, and Other Poems*. By George Macdonald, LL.D." New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 1872.

"*Poems*. By J. G. Brinckle." Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. 1872.

"*June on the Mi mi*. By W. H. Venable." Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co. 1872.

This it will be seen is the fashionable solution of this fashionable problem and will have the approval of all such terrific "doubters" as the ladies who read Mr. Stopford Brooke, and all such tremendous theologians as young curates who are in society. The evangelical mother, we may remark, is hit off as if the author were indeed a young curate of the Establishment with a belief in Convocation and the classics as distinguished from "Prots" and chemistry and low dissenters. This lady thus talks to Rose:

"It's grace you need, Rose, to illumine
Your darkened nature. What an age
Since I have seen you in my room!
Though I have nothing to engage
My thoughts, except the sacred page,
And that sweet book which is so clear,
Upon the Rest and his numbered year;—
Yet all the while there's quite a rage
For some wonderful May-fair novel, I hear.

"And after all I have done for you!—
But daughters are not what they were,
And you are only proving true
What all the Prophets do aver.
O, had you heard our minister
Upon The Signs of the End, and how
The children of the salts shall grow
Still wicked and wicked!—
Till all to the Beast and the Woman shall bow."

The work is edited by "I, Herr Professor Künst, Philologus," who has won the love of Hester, and who shows us one and another of the *dramatis personee* talking, and himself gives us some blank-verse just as each personage is to be introduced. The reader will have noticed the queer little hop-skip at the end of the stanzas. It by-and-by produces as one reads a feeling singularly compounded of weariness, disgust, and ill-natured merriment. A worse device for provoking the fatigue that comes of sameness could hardly have been found.

Mr. George Macdonald's "Hidden Life" is a story which may very well have gratified many a Scottish youth, though opinions might differ as to whether such stories are on the whole profitable. It is of a youth who at early dawn goes out to do his first day's ploughing, he having just been promoted to the post of ploughman. His manly pleasure in his work, his enjoyment of the sights and sounds of nature, are described with a fervor which leaves us in no doubt as to Mr. Macdonald's pleasant recollection of youth amid the heather. As his day's work is done and he is driving home his team a lovely lady, or rather young girl, slips from her horse because of the breakage of her saddle-girth, which the young ploughman mends, and then he reseats her in the saddle.

"Soon his hand and knife
Had set the saddle firmer than before
Upon the gentle horse; and then he turned
To mount the maiden. But bewilderment
A moment lasted; for he knew not how,
With stirrup hand and steady arm, to throne,
Elastic, on her steed, the ascending maid;
A moment only; for while yet she thanked,
Nor yet had time to teach her further will,
About her waist he put his brawny hands,
That all but zoned her round; and like a child
Lifting her high, he set her on her horse;
When like a risen moon she smiled on him,
Nor turned aside, although a radiant blush
Shone in her cheek, and shadowed in her eyes."

This promises a love story; but we are glad to say that Mr. Macdonald holds his hand, and that though what follows is in its upshot "soft" enough, and we fear too much so to suit a palate in its natural, proper condition, it is nevertheless not the old tale, though a common one. The father determines that by saving and sparing he will give his son a liberal education, and the poem goes on to detail, not unsuccessfully, though not with sufficient directness and with blank-verse a little swollen, the course of the boy's education and of the father's affection. The son is destined to die young, however, and his last work before his death is to write a letter to his young lady, in which he tells her how often he had thought of her face and of what value the recollection of her had been to him amid the temptations of youth. The poem closes with her visit to his graveyard.

Other poems in this little volume will please all readers of Scripture. They are hymns and religious poems of various kinds, some being on such subjects as the women of the gospels. They are free and flowing in rhythm, highly religious in sentiment, and not hackneyed in idea.

Mr. Brincklé has made a volume of more than ordinarily clever verses which also are further out of the common track than such volumes of verses are apt to be, though there is a certain amount of remembered eyes, and dreaming after the ball, and of disavowance of lovers. From "A Sunday in Rome" we quote a stanza or two which may show Mr. Brincklé's quality:

"Cocchiere, drive me to the Coliseum;
For there I shall escape the pompous scene
Of *Misere, Agnus, and Te Deum*.—
'Tis vain; for, straying round the vast arena,

"A cowed train I meet of mendicants,
Who kneel at pictures of the *via crucis*—
Wailing the whole most melancholy chants,
Close following in the wake of the recluses,

"Old women fling their arms around the crosses,
And kiss the soil (for martyrs perished there!)
While thoughtful men, who seem to count their losses,
And ragged children, raise their eyes in prayer."

"The Teacher's Dream" seems to us the best of the poems in Mr. W. H. Venable's "June on the Miami," though there is none of them that can be called bad, or in which there is not a greater or less degree of the aroma as distinguished from the substance of poetry. "The Teacher's Dream" ought to be popular in the educational magazines, for it suggests a comforting thought to the conscientious instructor in a despondent mood of no unfrequent occurrence. The schoolmaster is represented as being discouraged because of the little influence he exerts on his boys and girls, and sitting disconsolate in the twilight he unconsciously falls asleep, and dreams of a senate hall, where an orator is speaking, whom, by-and-by, he recognizes as an old pupil, and then of a church:

"The stately senate hall dissolved,
A church rose in its place,
Wherein there stood a man of God,
Dispensing words of grace.

"And though he spoke in solemn tone,
And though his hair was gray,
The teacher's thought was strangely wrought,
'I whipped that boy to-day.'"

The other poems show a preference for descriptive out-door poetry of a very simple and somewhat vague sort, and show also familiarity with some of the elder as well as some of the later descriptive poetry of our tongue. It is good to be reminded of Grongar Hill instead of Mariana's Moated Grange.

Lamartine, sa vie littéraire et politique. Par Charles De Mazade. (Paris. 1872.)—In the last three months of 1870 M. De Mazade furnished to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* some interesting articles on Lamartine—one of the many instances, of which Paris is justly proud, of a devotion to science and literature persevered in through all the distractions of the siege—a devotion that ought to offset in some degree the disgrace brought upon her by her later excesses. He has now collected these articles, and published them under the above title, with a preface which is a melancholy example of the feeling of intense mortification that now pervades France. It commences with a bitter complaint that there are nowadays no men of genius. Where, he asks, are the successors in England of Byron, Pitt, Canning; in Italy, of Cavour; in Germany, of Schiller, Goethe, Humboldt, Kant, Hegel? Even to the men who have conquered his country he denies genius. They are strong, skilful organizers of military operations, which they conduct as they would commercial operations, and they have certain mental qualities which enabled them to succeed in their long-prepared enterprise; but they are not great, for all their astonishing victories; they want that inexpressible something which marks the hero. Frenchmen, no doubt, find this belief consolatory, and there is some truth in it; but if to vindicate the superiority of French genius they were forced to recur to Lamartine, they would be sunk low indeed. However, M. De Mazade finds in France the same lack of the higher faculties; and he draws a melancholy satisfaction from the confession that, as usual, France shows in a more concentrated and striking form the general characteristics of the age. The cause he finds partly in the false democratic spirit of the time, which tends to level the legitimate aristocracy of the mind as it has levelled the aristocracies of blood and caste, partly in an overpowering material development, in which spiritual things are entirely lost sight of; partly in the law of alternation, in accordance with which nature has its periods of rest in the moral world as it has in the physical. Lamartine M. De Mazade ranks with the men of genius of the past generation. He cannot of course be blind to his great shortcomings, his vanity, his weakness, his instability, his extravagance, his sentimentality; but he has a right to assert that his hero's poetry, if not manly, was pure, elevated, wonderfully abundant, and, for a time, wonderfully popular; that his statesmanship, if it was at first carried away by the popular impulse, did the greatest service to France by the skill with which it directed the storm and restrained the excesses of the Red Republicans. In the preface, to show that Lamartine had a certain political clear-sightedness, allied to his poetic faculty of insight, M. De Mazade mentions his pointing out in 1840 the danger of the popular Napoleonic apotheosis, and quotes some very striking passages from speeches delivered in 1841 in opposition to the fortification of Paris, in which he predicted precisely what came to pass, their utter insufficiency against the enemy, and the difficulty and final impossibility of restraining the enemies from within.

In truth, a review of Lamartine's whole life puts him somewhat above the

position he has lately held in popular estimation. The failure of the Republic, the painful degradation of his later days, have given the present generation an unpleasant impression of him, as if he had been a mere demagogue, charlatan, and mendicant. It is true that the poetical aspect of any policy captivated him, and that that policy was apt to seem most poetical which offered him the best opportunity of making a brilliant speech or pursuing an eccentric course. Yet he was not visionary, as we use the term; nor impractical, nor without any convictions; and one praise he certainly ought to have, he never yielded to the French notion of "glory"; he braved some unpopularity in trying to soften the rancorous recollection of 1815, and, if he were now living, would certainly oppose the systematic cultivation of ill-feeling towards the Germans.

Alexander von Humboldt. Eine wissenschaftliche Biographie im Verein mit R. Aré-Lallemant, J. V. Carus, A. Dove, H. W. Dove, J. W. Ewald, A. H. R. Grisebach, J. Löwenberg, O. Peschel, G. H. Wiedemann, W. Wundt, bearbeitet und herausgegeben von Karl Bruhns, Professor und Director der Sternwarte in Leipzig. (Leipzig: Brockhaus.)—This biography, in all respects worthy of its subject, was projected and announced by Professor Bruhns in 1869, on the hundredth anniversary of Humboldt's birth; but its publication was delayed by the war of 1870-71, and also by the labor of sifting and arranging such a mass of material, distributed among so many hands. The plan of the whole is admirable, and the methodical execution of details enables the reader to consult with facility whatever portions of the life and works of the great naturalist may have for him a special interest. The biography is itself a *Cosmos*. It is in three volumes—the first two are devoted to the life; the third contains essays, by specialists, upon Humboldt's labors in various departments of science. Volume first treats of the youth and early manhood of Humboldt, and also of his travels in America and in Asia, which are given in the form of a narrative, interspersed with scientific observations and results. The whole of this volume is from the pen of Julius Löwenberg, who for many years has made Humboldt's life a study, and who has had at his disposal a large and rich collection of documents, letters, and other biographical materials. These are classified and arranged in sections, which are carefully indicated in the table of contents; and at the close of each part is a summary or review, by means of which the reader can group all the salient points in memory. Carl Ritter's estimate of Humboldt's travels and other minor papers of value are gathered in an appendix. Volume second continues the biography under two principal sections: the first describes his residence in Paris from 1808 to 1826, his scientific studies and publications there, and his intercourse with Bonpland, Cuvier, Deluc, Laplace, Arago, Biot, Gay-Lussac, Lamarck, Etienne and Isidore Geoffroy St. Hilaire, Milne-Edwards, Guizot, and many other eminent men. This part is contributed by Robert Aré-Lallemant. The later life in Berlin, from 1827-59 (with the intervals of the Siberian journey and the second residence in Paris), a life divided between literary work and attendance upon court ceremonies, is pictured by Alfred Dove from intimate personal knowledge and the most authentic sources. This covers a most interesting period of Prussian political history, in which the personal popularity of Humboldt and his practical wisdom were of essential service to two sovereigns. The volume concludes with a bibliographical survey of Humboldt's works, with chronological and classified lists of his minor writings, by Julius Löwenberg. Volume third is composed of eight independent essays upon Humboldt's contributions to various branches of science. 1. Mathematics, Astronomy, and Mathematical Geography, by Karl Bruhns. 2. Terrestrial Magnetism, and certain special physical and chemical researches, by Gustav Wiedemann.

3. Meteorology, by H. W. Dove. 4. Geology, by Julius Ewald. 5. Ethnography, Political Economy, and History, by Oscar Peschel. 6. The Geography of Plants, and Botany, by August Grisebach. 7. Zoology and Comparative Anatomy, by J. Victor Carus. 8. Physiology, by Wilhelm Wundt. Three portraits of Humboldt illustrate the work: the first, at 27, bears a striking resemblance to Mozart; the second, at 45, does not recall any of his familiar pictures, and could hardly suggest him as the prototype of the venerable and noble head, at 81, which adorns the third volume. In the preparation of this work, the editor and his collaborators, the publisher and his workmen, have done all in their power to give it perfection. It will take rank at once not only as the standard biography of Humboldt, but as an authoritative history of the whole development of science in the nineteenth century. Many copies of the original will doubtless find their way to the libraries of American colleges; but it should be made generally accessible through an English translation, by competent hands, and take its place in thousands of private libraries by the side of the "*Cosmos*."

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